

*Per Annos*



**King's Hall, Compton**  
**1969**

# Per Annos

June 1969



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King's Hall,  
May 10, 1969

My dear Girls:

For many years the girls of King's Hall have had the guidance of a truly wonderful woman, Miss Gillard. On looking over some of the past volumes of *Per Annos* I find that Miss Gillard has expressed in her letters to you many of the things I consider valuable. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," for the guiding principles of integrity, thoughtfulness and service to others are universally to be desired.

In this turbulent age, however, the values once generally held, are now ignored. Consequently it is important that all of us be ready to support the principles in which we believe. It is not enough to be passive in the face of threat to our democratic institutions; we must be ready to voice positive opinions against a drift to anarchy. This does not mean being reactionary or wanting the status quo, but being prepared to sponsor progressive ideas in a law-abiding way. This has been a very eventful year, requiring adjustment on your part and mine. I have appreciated the support and understanding of the Prefect Body and the student body in general. King's Hall is your school and I hope that under my guidance you may be proud of your Alma Mater when you graduate, as have been scores of Old Girls who have given such outstanding loyalty to Miss Gillard.

But one must always look to the future and in 1974 King's Hall will have reached its centenary, a very distinguished landmark in Canadian history. It is my hope that the girls coming into the school in the next five years will be aware of this impending event and will plan to mark it in a suitable fashion. A birthday of such importance deserves careful, advanced planning. Please start now to think of the one hundredth birthday of King's Hall.

Yours affectionately,

*Dorothy J. Kidd*

# Editorial

“To everything there is a season, and a time  
for every purpose under heaven.”

For several, this is the last term at Compton — time to leave, to experience a different environment, to make adjustments. Shielded from the fast-moving, turmoiled world in this quiet country life, we hope to have been able to find ourselves, to develop morals, in summary, to begin to mature and prepare for the oncoming years.

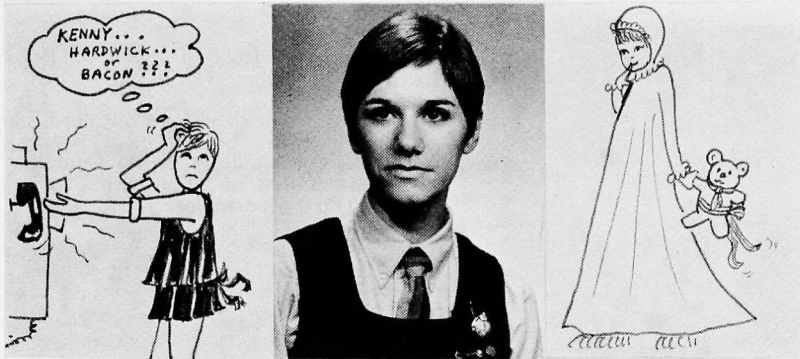
As we look back over these last three, four, or more years, we feel that boarding school has nearly been our whole life. Most have lost contact with past schools and former friends, and here we are, again parting, leaving the security of familiar surroundings and faces. Momentarily, this seems sad and frightening, but looking forward too, there is anxiety concerning what lies ahead.

I hope this magazine will bring to mind in future years cherished memories and school friends. It is fun to reach back into the past, to recall those who influenced us so greatly in our growing years, and yet these memories fade. We leave Compton pledging class reunions in twenty years, but how many will remember and still be interested? Mostly, school friends are not forever; time, new surroundings, new friends, push them farther into the past. And so we leave with the words of Brutus ringing clear:

“If we meet again, why then we shall smile,  
If not, then this parting was well made.”

I would like to thank all those whose time and hard work made this magazine possible: Miss Morris for directing its publication; Miss Britton and Mr. Jarvis-Read for correcting and proof-reading submitted material; Mrs. Rittenhouse for directing the Art; Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Miltimore for the hours spent at the typewriter; the magazine committee, and any others who contributed towards this publication.

# Head Girl



RHONA HALPERN—"Ronnie"  
Montreal, Quebec  
September 6

Head Girl  
Montcalm  
1965-1969

"Taking fun as simply fun,  
and earnestness in earnest,  
Shows how thoroughly thou none  
of the two discernest."

Activities:—Form Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Vaulting Club; Public Speaking; Modern Jazz.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Basketball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To join CUSO.

Probable Destination:—Working in "under-developed" areas in Quebec.

Favourite Expression:—"Shoes for Industry".

Dear Girls,

There is a line in a song that is familiar to all of us, "The times they are a-changin'." And at our own pace and in our own way, we at King's Hall are changing, too. For some the pace is not swift enough, but when dealing with people you must be considerate and not hasty. Perhaps consideration is the key that will open doors for all of us. Consideration is definitely a quality we must include in change at all times.

As we look back on this year we find also many other qualities that survive changing times. For example the school spirit shown at house meetings and inter-school games proves that a genuine enthusiasm does prevail at K.H.C. It has been a wonderful experience for me to share in all the up's and down's of each house; and the up's and down's of each day which help build friendships.

Times are certainly changing for the graduating class who must now face that "cruel world" which we hear so much about. Those who have just embarked upon their Compton career, and those who are in the midst of it, will one day be in our position. But if we can truly "Keep troth" to ourselves and to those around us, we will each find our own success in life, no matter how the times are a-changing. I would like to wish everyone the best of luck next year and always.

Love,

RHONA

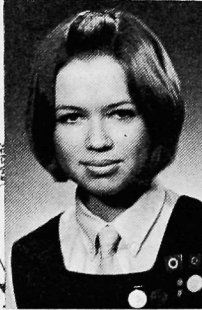
# MacDonald



BILLIE JOHNSTON—"Bill"  
Delray Beach, Florida  
January 9

Head of Macdonald  
Macdonald  
1965-1969

"Man's needs change, but not his love,  
nor his desire that his love should satisfy his needs."  
Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton.  
Ambition:—To be a model OR to be short.  
Favourite Pastime:—Mocking Bowie.  
Prototype:—Verushka.



CATHERINE BOWIE—"Bowie"  
London, Ontario  
December 26

Prefect on Macdonald  
Macdonald  
1967-1969

"He who seeks may easily get lost himself."  
Activities:—Form Captain; Dramatics.  
Sports:—Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Soccer - House; Tennis; Skiing.  
Pet Aversion:—Being mocked by Johnston.  
Ambition:—To be able to out-mock Johnston.  
Favourite Pastime:—Visiting Prescott and surrounding area.

ATTENTION: ALL LOYAL, FUN-LOVING, ENTHUSIASTIC, GO-GETTING, ANGELIC, INTELLIGENT, ATHLETIC, CLEAN-LIVING MACDONALDITES.

This little effort is exclusively for all the gold tie wearers who adorn the halls of our favourite abode. . . you guessed it. . . K.H.C. We, the ever-achieving Macdonaldites are noted for our cheery grins even within earshot of that all-too-familiar, "Well guys, we came third again." Even though we have been identified as the Compton-all-time losers, '69 was our good year and we really have been coming along. Mac. won overwhelming victories in swimming, "Reach for the Top," soccer, snow sculpturing, House games and winter House competition. The second term totals were a definite improvement and put us in second place. We are fervently praying for an even more definite improvement, and who knows, we might even win the Work and Sports Shield. Wouldn't that be a rare treat?



Well MacD's, it's been a great year. We'll miss you and all you've done for us (ulcers, nervous breakdowns and wearied finger-tips from the adding machine)! Best of luck (and a year's supply of Excedrin) to our next two aspiring, young House Heads.

Our love, luck and best wishes.

BILLIE and CATHY

# Montcalm

MARTHA COX—"Marty"  
Trois Rivières, Quebec  
November 4

Head of Montcalm  
Montcalm  
1966-1969

"And think not you can direct the course of love,  
for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course."

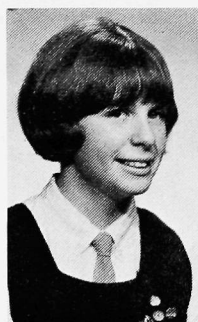
Activities:—Form Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross - Secretary 1968; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Basketball - School; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—Skinny kids who offer to lend me clothes knowing I don't have a hope to get into them.

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to get the all time high in calories.

Theme Song:—"No matter what shape your stomach's in."



MARGOT ANNE GRAHAM—"Goof"  
Montreal, Quebec  
November 17

Prefect on Montcalm  
Montcalm  
1965-1969

"We reach out towards the other. In vain —  
because we have never dared to give ourselves."

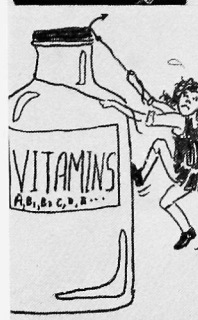
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating; Basketball - Form.

Pet Aversion:—Having my name spelled without a 't'.

Favourite Pastime:—Decoding my mother's writing in her letters.

Prototype:—Maggie Muggins.



## "Montcalmite Blues"

Since our first meeting in September  
We've stopped shaking with fear,  
Now all that we can remember  
Is your smiling faces and resounding cheer.

In sports you've done well,  
Not all the time winning,  
But in spite we could tell  
That Montcalm would come out grinning!

Many pluses you have earned  
To bring your totals high,  
Outstanding spirit you have learned;  
Montcalm will never die!

Whether you are high  
Or whether you are low,  
We never hear a sigh  
For you're full of get up and go!

We really must go now,  
We send our love and luck,  
To the house full of POW —  
God Bless, and 'rots of ruck'!

MARTHA and MARGOT





# Rideau



DEBORAH ANN HORNIG—"Debs"  
Austin, Quebec  
July 6

Head of Rideau  
Rideau  
1963-1969

"If you don't honestly, truly, and sincerely love me —  
fake it!"

Activities:—Form Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross - Treasurer; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Basketball - Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—People who call me "Dodi" or "Di".

Favourite Pastime:—Watching Martha count her letters from Doug.

Probable Destination:—Martha's private secretary for all her fan mail.



PAMELA PORTEOUS—"Pam"  
Town of Mount Royal, Montreal  
March 21

Prefect on Rideau  
Montreal  
1967-1969

"All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players;"  
But how come I got such a lousy part?

Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Bridge Club; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

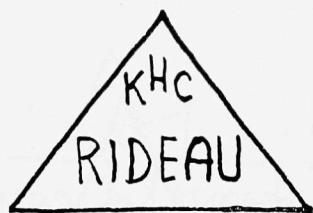
Ambition:—Physiotherapist.

Favourite Pastime:—"Snow" skiing.

Pet Aversion:—Offset trees.

## Gr-r-reetings R-r-r-ideauites

From what I saw of the first house meetings. . . well, I decided to hibernate for the winter. I noticed that you couldn't get along without me, and that the "regular" gatherings on Sunday morning became rather few and far between! From the second results, I thought I should wake up to put a bit of enthusiastic energy in those tired bones of yours. That's not all true, actually I missed you! Not only you but your various attempts made to prove your artistic ability which . . . ah hem. . .!



The soaring high totals which seemed to present quite a problem to your House-heads. That fantastic battle for first place in swimming; which you seemed to have gotten mixed up with second place, but no matter it was all great fun.

Just a couple of words for you to remember and to keep you floating until my new patches are sewn on, and I'm back in shape for next year. "Rideau NAVY NEVER SINKS" R-r-r-egards to the lucky leaders of next year and to you.

Love,

Rideau Joe  
and the onlookers  
DEBBIE and PAM

CATHY FOX—"Foxey" Sports Captain  
Clifton Royal, King's County, New Brunswick Montcalm  
June 6 1967-1969

"Here is a fact that should help you fight;  
Things that don't actually kill you outright  
Make you stronger."

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking; Chub Club.

Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball - School; Swimming; Tennis; Basketball - School; Badminton; Skiing; Skiing.

Ambition:—First Woman Astronaut.

Favourite Pastime:—Exercising.

Theme Song:—"Foxey Lady"

CYNTHIA GILBRIDE—"Cynny" Sports Captain  
Toronto, Ontario Rideau  
December 30 1966-1969

"To live  
To laugh  
To forget time."

Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Activities Committee; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz; Cheer Leader.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball; Basketball - School; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To travel.

Favourite Pastime:—Long weekends, crash helmets and 27 snow banks.

Theme Song:—"Ain't no snowbank high enough."

MARY PATTON—"Pitiful" Residence Captain  
Carberry Hill, Warwick, Bermuda Montcalm  
April 2 1966-1969

"Put in a place where it's easy to see,  
the cryptic admonishment T.T.T.

And when you think how depressingly slowly you climb,  
it's well to remember that Things Take Time."

Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Basketball - School.

Ambition:—ME!

Favourite Pastime:—Eating, drinking and being Mary.

Theme Song:—"I'm leavin' on a jet plane."

MARGARET ANNE TILLEY—"Peggy, Pegs" Montcalm  
St. Jean, Quebec Residence Captain  
November 16 1966-1969

"To each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,  
And each must make, ere life is flown,  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

Activities:—Bell-ringer; Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Junior Red Cross; Magazine Committee; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—B.B. — but that's not the point!

Pet Aversion:—Having my picture taken.

Prototype:—Pooh Bear.

MARTHA CRESSY Macdonald  
Buckingham, Quebec 1966-1969  
August 18

"Only through time, time is conquered."

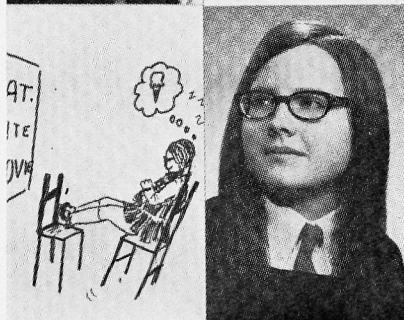
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - Form; Badminton; Skiing.

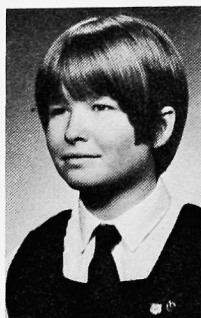
Ambition:—Occupational therapist.

Probable Destination:—Public relations for Mark Eden.

Pet Aversion:—Twiggy.





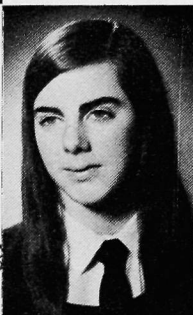


MARNIE MACLEOD ELLIS—"Hey Red!"  
Valois, Quebec  
June 30

Rideau  
1967-1969

"And what a time it was,  
A time of innocence,  
A time of confidences."

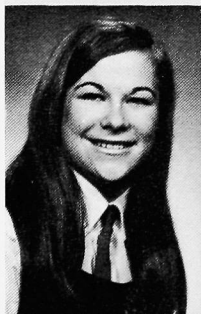
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Public  
Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming -  
House; Basketball - House; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—Writer, Actress.  
Probable Destination:—Lennoxville Players' Club.  
Prototype:—Judy LaMarsh.



JANE HACKETT  
Montreal, Quebec  
August 1

Rideau  
1967-1969

"Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare and yet I may not.  
"I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Bridge Club; Dramatics;  
Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—To be an interpreter.  
Probable Destination:—First interpreter on the moon.  
Theme Song:—"Impossible Dream."



PHYLLIS HAY—"Mouth"  
Prescott, Ontario  
August 12

Macdonald  
1965-1969

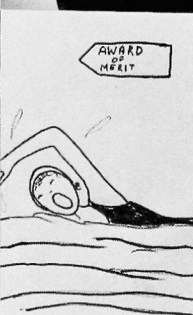
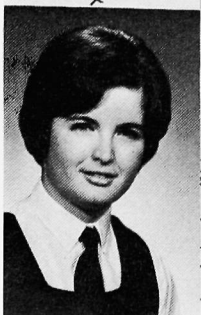
"Engage your mind before you put your mouth in gear."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry  
Club; Dramatics; Choir; Crucifer; Junior Red Cross;  
Current Events; Modern Jazz.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—P & O Bridge Club.  
Pet Aversion:—Thursday Gym classes with Bowie.  
Theme Song:—"Classical Gas."



ROBIN HERCY—"Hearse"  
Montreal, Quebec  
January 15

Montcalm  
1967-1969

"Every once in a while I get an urge to do some work.  
So — I lie down again till I feel better."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;  
Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—Interpreter in the United Nations.  
Probable Destination:—Front line of World War III.  
Prototype:—Jimmy Durante — "Schnozola."



KATHLEEN JEFFERSON—"Jeffie"  
Ottawa, Ontario  
January 10

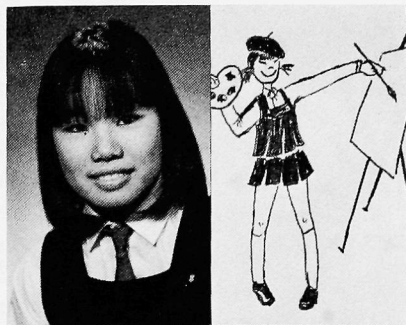
Rideau  
1967-1969

"Walk along and talk along, live your lives quite freely  
But leave our children with the toys of peppermint and  
candy.  
And sea gull I don't want your wings, I don't want your  
freedom in a lie."  
Activities:—Bridge Club; Junior Red Cross; Literature Club.  
Sports:—Volleyball - School; Swimming - Form; Tennis;  
Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—To travel.

MICHELE LAU—"Mickey"  
Trinidad, West Indies  
December 26

Macdonald  
1968-1969

"To be or not to be, — What? That is the question!"  
Activities:—Magazine Committee.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming -  
Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—To go to University.  
Probable Destination:—Name in University visitors' book.  
Pet Aversion:—Filling out University application forms.



CLARE LEWIS—"Lewis"  
Westmount, Quebec  
January 2

Rideau  
1966-1969

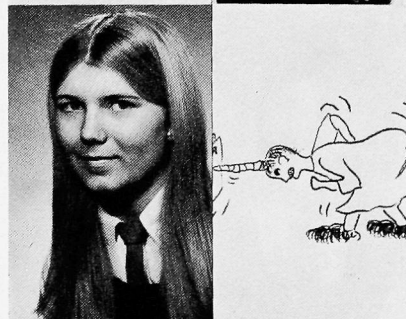
"All is fair in love or war" —  
She's either in love or at war.  
Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Current  
Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming -  
House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Pet Aversion:—Red rats and purple laundry trucks.  
Favourite Pastime:—Disorganizing things.  
Prototype:—Twiggy.



CHERYL LOVE—"Love"  
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec

Montealm  
1967-1969

"What! No boys in heaven —  
Then I think I'll go the other way!"  
Activities:—Literature Club; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking;  
Modern Jazz; Cheer Leader.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
House; Basketball - Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing;  
Skating.  
Ambition:—Stewardess.  
Probable Destination:—Cloud "69".  
Pet Aversion:—"People that know the difference between  
RIGHT and WRONG."



HELEN MCGRAW—"Hel"  
Delray Beach, Florida  
April 20

Macdonald  
1965-1969

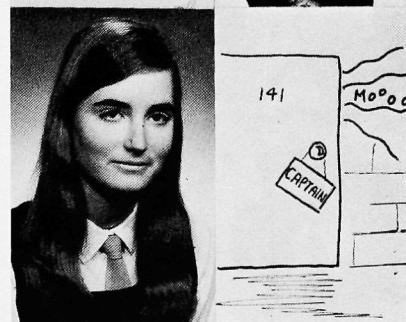
"The blush is beautiful — but VERY inconvenient."  
Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Literature Club;  
Dramatics; Choir; Crucifer; Current Events; Vaulting  
Club; Modern Jazz.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Basketball -  
School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton.  
Pet Aversion:—Getting "gated."  
Favourite Pastime:—"Checking" every 15 minutes.  
Theme Song:—"Whiter Shade of Pale."

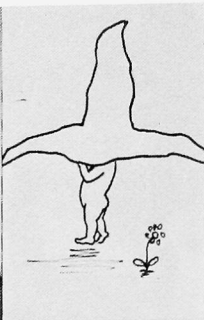
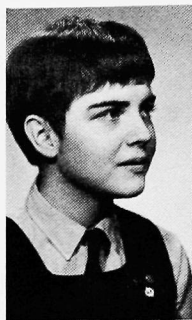


JANE MEAGHER—"Marr"  
Montreal, Quebec  
August 10

Montealm  
1965-1969

"But I being poor have only my dreams,  
I have spread my dreams under your feet,  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."  
Activities:—Form Captain - Matric; Library Committee;  
Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red  
Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming -  
House; Basketball - School; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.  
Favourite Pastime:—Sleeping.  
Probable Destination:—The Physics teacher at K.H.C.  
Pet Aversion:—People who spell "Alen" — "Allan."





PATRICIA MORE—"Pat"  
Montreal, Quebec  
May 3

Rideau  
1966-1969

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."  
(School must love me)

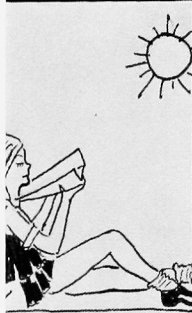
Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Dramatics;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club;  
Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—Commercial Pilot.

Probable Destination:—"Highjacker".

Theme Song:—"Sky Pilot."



GAILL MURPHY—"Murph"  
Westmount, Quebec  
December 28

Rideau  
1965-1969

"For in the dew of little things,  
The heart finds its morning,  
And is refreshed."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge  
Club; Choir; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public  
Speaking; Modern Jazz.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming -  
House; Basketball - School; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing;  
Skating.

Pet Aversions:—Sunday evenings.

Favourite Pastime:—Sleeping through the rising bell.

Prototype:—Laughing hyena.



SUSAN NEWTON—Newly "Fig"  
Sherbrooke, Quebec  
April 19

Montcalm  
1965-1969

"Work killed many a genius,  
I'm not taking any chances."

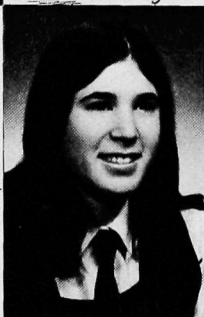
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events;  
Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
Form; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To be a Biologist.

Probable Destination:—Cleaning the algae out of the K.H.C.  
pool.

Prototype:—A cheshire in a fig tree.



WENDIE PENCER  
Montreal, Quebec  
December 27

Rideau  
1966-1969

"Is this a dagger I see before me?  
Nay, 'tis an exam  
Pray hand me the dagger."

Activities:—Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming -  
House; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To step upon the right road to success and get  
her degree of M.R.S.

Probable Destination:—Spinster.

Pet Aversion:—School work that interferes with my education.



ANNE RAMSDEN—"Ramsden"  
Bath, Ontario  
June 12

Montcalm  
1966-1969

"Who has seen the wind  
Neither you nor I  
But when the trees bow down their heads  
The wind is passing by."

Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Current  
Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Activities  
Committee.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming -  
House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—A silly millimeter longer.

Probable Destination:—One silly millimeter.

Pet Aversion:—Nurses.

## CHEZ NOUS REPORT

This year the school has been through the problems of another innovation. Matric "Chez" which up till now was only a Matric common room and — of course — a food supply room, has become a smoking room for those in the Matric form with their parent's smoking permission. This room, in a very secluded corner of the basement was changed from a cement cell with no furniture to a rather comfortable sitting room, supplied with plates as ash-trays and new furniture coverings to liven it up. It is still very dark and gloomy, but serves its purposes well. The greatest trials of this new privilege came at the end of the first term and beginning of the second, when somehow, there were two fires; one shortly after everyone had gone to classes, and the other after lights out. Fortunately, these went no farther than the garbage pail but unfortunately the "King's Hall Chez-Nous Fire Brigade" was not around at the time to put it out; the first was found and extinguished by two of our staff members and the second by our dutiful night watchman. After the second fire our smoking privilege was withdrawn, much to our regret. However, as Easter exams rolled around it was restored because of tension during exams — with a few extra precautions, such as buckets of sand, and a person on duty at night to check for smoldering "butts". Since then there have been no further incidents, and I sincerely hope that this innovation has passed the stage of being called such, and will from now on be regarded as part of the school, and there will be no further mishaps. On behalf of the Matric class I thank Miss Kidd for having extended this privilege to us; I know we are all very grateful to her; and to the Matrics of '70 — "Best of Luck next year in Chez-Nous"!

JANE MEAGHER

## MATRIC REMEMBRANCES

Di Sockett — Trap door in 5A classroom — Kunkle's escapade — Jane Eyre — Kredl in the ink — Robin in wastebasket — Madame Landes — Clarke's bangs — Cynny kissing Jerry — and No-one was coming back. . . Holes in the cardboard walls — Apple-pieing Miss Loader's bed — Jaquith vs. Clarke — Sleepy Hollow — "Sorry Wrong Number" — The Robins — Gilly — Keyzer's Attic — Runaways — Exit door — Dagmar and Carol — The cottage — Chimney — Costume cupboard — Bowie's fire alarm — Out the windows — Bowie's fire — Unicorns — Jane in the grass — Crock walks — Secret squirrel — S.L.D. — Bradley in the pond — Shingles — Itching powder — 10 for "you know what" — Purple in prep — Backwards nite — Roaring 20's — Wenny and Tony — Matric week — Expo reunion — Ravine — Ironing hair — Shank's and the J'S — Laugh in — K.H.C.N.F.B. — Bowie as Santa — Little lounge door — Skiing — North Trail — "Auntie Clifty" — "Oh give me strength" — Dorey, Lorraine and Penny — "And you a Prefect!" — Rations at break — 50c. — Sleigh ride — Mount Joye — Grads of '69 — Alarm clocks — Stanstead Sunday — Nothing on the walls — No, repetition, no! — Cutting up bunnies — "What a raise" — Sun reflectors — Pepsies at night — Where did Cynny's bed go? "They won . . . I just know Miss Evans". The moon was full coming back on the bus — Sterling — Cheap Thrills — No dancing cheek to cheek — Chocolate sauce — "all that red tape."





# Grade 10



FRONT Row: S. Ingram; N. Chan; S. McMahon; L. MacTier; H. Peirce.  
 2nd Row: C. Parker; K. Ahamad; P. Rowland; A. Murray; F. Barker; D. Matheson; C. Wisener.  
 3rd Row: L. Setlakwe; B. Lloyd; B. Lee; P. Grey; E. Markham; S. Rothschild; E. MacFie; M. Grisdale.  
 4th Row: D. Leclair; H. Mozes; D. Malone; C. Beattie; T. Ellson; C. Mitchell; K. Morris; B. Sinclair; K. Large.  
 ABSENT: E. Aboud; A. Gauvreau; T. Hay; E. Nelles.

## Autographs

## Grade 9



FRONT ROW: J. Fairbairn; E. Adair; B. Skelton; A. MacCulloch; Jehanne Kirwin; T. Silny.  
2nd Row: C. Levesque; D. Wainman-Wood; L. Zimmerman; M. Taylor; K. Zimmerman; H. Hayes; S. Butterworth.  
3rd Row: D. Lau; S. Murray; C. Montano; M. Shirriff; W. Henry; L. Duval; T. Robinson; C. Tabacinic; J. Rigby; F. Thomson.  
4th Row: J. Fuller; L. Bartram; C. Lambert; V. Rolph; D. Laurie; D. Crause; A. Toth; Jill Kirwin.

## Autographs

## Grade 8



FRONT Row: P. Sise; G. Suarez; C. Rawlinson; M. Suarez; A. Beane.

2nd Row: M. West; Anna Aguayo; P. Fairbairn; S. Humphries; D. Smith; G. Barker; L. Lemarroy.

3rd Row: B. Hunter; C. Butterworth; A. Perley-Robertson; W. Leach; J. Maase; T. Kalecheff; A. Brown; M. Bovey; Astrid Aguayo.

4th Row: Y. Stevenson; J. Davis; C. Pearson; L. Fowle; B. Bishop; M. Seveigny; V. Fuller; R. Fowler; R. Fee.

## Autographs



# School Calendar 1968=1969

## SEPTEMBER

- 10th—School opened.  
13th—Prefects appointed.  
21st—"Instant Theatre" — B.C.S.  
24th—Junior and Senior Soccer —  
Lennoxville.  
28th—Junior and Senior Soccer —  
Magog.  
28th—Senior Forms at B.C.S. — Foot-  
ball game and Movie.  
30th—Piano Recital at Bishop's Univer-  
sity.

## OCTOBER

- 1st—Junior Soccer —  
Sherbrooke (Mitchell)  
3rd—Junior and Senior Soccer —  
Sherbrooke.  
10th—Junior Soccer — Sherbrooke.  
12th—Junior Soccer —  
Sherbrooke (Mitchell).  
18th—Senior Soccer —  
Bishop's University.  
20th—B.C.S. Seniors guests at King's  
Hall, Compton.  
21st—Fire Drill — Supervised by Fire  
Chief Veilleux, Compton.  
22nd—Junior and Senior Soccer —  
Magog.  
23rd—House Soccer matches.  
Career Talk — Dr. Penton re  
University Entrance.  
25th—House Soccer matches.  
26th—Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude  
Tests.  
Stanstead — Football game and  
Dance.  
28th—Junior and Senior Soccer —  
North Hatley.  
29th—House Soccer matches.

## NOVEMBER

- 1st - 3rd—Half Term Week-End  
9th—Senior Volleyball — Magog.  
Junior and Senior Soccer Dinner  
— preceded by bowling.  
11th—The National Ballet.  
14th—Junior Volleyball — Sherbrooke.  
16th—Junior Volleyball Tournament.  
17th—Stanstead guests at K.H.C.  
22nd—Play at Bishop's University.  
24th—Symphony Concert —  
Sherbrooke University.  
30th—Senior Volleyball Tournament.  
Invitation Dance at B.C.S.

## DECEMBER

- 4th—Delegation to North Hatley to  
honour Miss Gillard on her  
birthday.  
Miss How — to speak about Red  
Cross Youth.  
7th—College Boards.  
11th—Sleigh Rides.  
9th - 13th—Christmas Examinations.  
15th—Special Sunday Evening Service.  
16th—Nativity Cantata and Christmas  
Tree in Lounge.  
17th—Form Christmas Parties.  
18th—End of Term —  
Home for Holidays.

## JANUARY

- 7th—School re-opened.  
10th—Basketball — Lennoxville.  
14th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
15th—Fire Drill.  
16th—Mr. Murray Baldwin —  
Government Inspector.  
17th—Modern Ballet at Bishop's Uni-  
versity.

- 18th—Basketball Tournament at  
Bishop's University.  
19th—Tobogganing at B.C.S. —  
Middle School.  
21st—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
24th—Basketball — Magog.  
“The Mousetrap” at B.C.S.  
28th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
31st—Basketball — North Hatley.

## FEBRUARY

- 1st—Winter Carnival at B.C.S.  
6th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
7th—Basketball — Richmond.  
8th—Winter Carnival at Stanstead.  
9th—Ski afternoon at Hillcrest.  
Public Speaking in Prep Hall.  
11th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
13th - 16th—Half Term Week-End.  
20th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
Basketball—Coaticook.  
21st—B.C.S. Play — “You Can't Take  
It With You”.  
23rd—Ski Special at Orford and Hillcrest.  
26th—“As You Like It” at Bishop's  
University.  
28th—Basketball — Junior and Senior  
— Sherbrooke.

## MARCH

- 1st—College Board Exams.  
The Annual Formal at K.H.C.  
2nd—Symphony Concert —  
Sherbrooke University.  
4th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
5th—Life Saving Exam — Bronze  
Visit to Bishop's University  
Chemistry “Fair”.  
6th—Life Saving Exam — Bar to  
Bronze, Bronze Cross, Awards  
of Merit.  
7th—Basketball —  
Stanstead (Sunnyside).  
“Pirates of Penzance”  
by Lennoxville Players.

- 9th—Rev. N. Pilcher — Special Speaker  
11 a.m. Films on work of Bible  
Society in Africa.  
11th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
13th - 19th—Matric Exams.  
16th—Piano Recital —  
K.H.C. Music Pupils.  
18th—Skiing at Hillcrest.  
20th—End of Term —  
Home for Holidays.

## APRIL

- 7th—School re-opened.  
11th—Sugaring-Off Party —  
at the Johann's  
13th—Dr. Möller — Film Board —  
Career talk on film-making and  
four films using different tech-  
niques.  
19th—Badminton Tournament —  
Sherbrooke.  
20th—Choir at St. George's, Lennoxville,  
“Victoria Regina”.  
24th—“Maid In Arms”.  
26th—Play Festival and Workshop at  
B.C.S.  
27th—Stanstead Sunday —  
Red Cross Supper.

## MAY

- 3rd—Cadet Dance at B.C.S.  
Dance at Sterling School —  
Vermont.  
10th—Music Theory Exams.  
Confirmation.  
17th—Piano Exams.  
Geography and Science Trip to  
Bromptonville.  
21st—McGill French Oral Exam.  
27th—School Final Exams begin.

## JUNE

- 3rd—School Final Exams end.  
4th—Closing Church Service.  
5th—Closing Exercises.  
9th - 19th—McGill Examinations.

# Activities



## FRIDAY NIGHT CLUBS

At the beginning of the school year, at Miss Kidd's suggestion, the Matric's started a series of clubs. Those clubs met every Friday evening after prep in various parts of the old and new buildings, each group being headed by one or more Matrics. Cathy Fox led overweight Comptonites in a series of exercises to music in her (in)famous Chubs Club. Helen McGraw was the head of the guitar club and provided instrumental backing for many a sing-song. The senior art club was inspired and guided by Anne Ramsden and Robin Kunkle, while the protégées in the junior art club were led by Cindy Gilbride, Margot Graham and Cathy Bowie. Sue Newton and Martha Cressy aided many aspiring young knitters in the Comptonite knitting circle. Our cheerleading club, which led the crowds in victory yells in our many triumphant soccer matches, was coached by Pam Porteous, Cheryl Love and Dorey Jackson. Rhona Halpern trained several determined would-be actors for their road to Hollywood in her well-attended drama club. Last but not least our French club struggled to near bilingualism with the aid of Jane Meagher.

As a result of the success of these clubs and similar activities we hope that they will eventually become a regular part of the King's Hall programme.

## SCIENCE LABORATORY

Upon our arrival in September, we discovered, much to our amazement, that the long dreamed of science "lab" was in the process of being built on the second floor in the old building. After many anxious days of waiting, and several trips of carting equipment upstairs to our bright spacious "lab", we finally moved on the eighth of November. Planned mainly by Miss Wallace, our science teacher, it was designed as a

tri-purpose laboratory, that is serving for Biology, Chemistry and Physics classes. Tables and chairs were also added so that senior science students could attend all lessons there as well as demonstration periods.

The junior grades are now using the basement "lab" for their science classes. The clearing out of excess storage cupboards, and a thorough cleaning, seemed to enlarge these cramped quarters into a much appreciated experimental area for the grades eight and nine.

Our thanks to 'the Board', and to Miss Wallace for all the designing and organizing they did, as well as the ordering of much required new equipment.

## LIBRARY REPORT

The King's Hall Library has greatly improved! With money, donated by the Old Girls' Association, new, up-to-date reference dictionaries were bought. A special interest was taken this year in making the books of fiction more profitable. They were repaired and fitted with book pockets and cards. Tapes also were added to make the books more easily accessible on the shelves. This was done by our Library committee consisting of Agnes Beane, Jill Maase and Gwen Barker representing grade eight; Tammy Silny, to whom we give special thanks for all the extra work she has done, Debbie Lau, Jehanne Kirwin for grade nine; Elizabeth Macfie and Frances Barker for the grade ten's and Martha Cressy for the Matric's. We would like to thank Miss Britton and Miss Duquet for all the time and energy they have given to the library and for the excellent instruction and enjoyable Wednesday nights we had through friendly conversation and team work.

ELIZABETH MACFIE





FRONT ROW: F. Barker; D. Sinclair; H. McGraw; P. Hay; E. Adair; M. Ellis; C. Lewis.  
 2nd Row: H. Peirce; E. Markham; K. Morris; C. Lambert; S. Murray; W. Henry; B. Lloyd; A. Murray; A. MacCulloch; C. Gilbride.  
 3rd Row: M. Cressy; M. Cox; A. Ramsden; B. Johnston; D. Crause; D. Laurie; P. More.  
 ABSENT: E. Nelles; T. Hay.

### CHOIR

This year there were 25 members of the choir who sang regularly in St. James' Church. Until Christmas Miss Hewson was the only music teacher; help, however, came in the new year and we were all pleased to welcome Miss Johanson as our new choir mistress.

As the first part of our Christmas programme, a carol service was held in the church on the evening of Sunday, December 15th. During most of the service, the choir stalls were the only part of the church that was illuminated, and this helped to enhance both the beauty of the church and the religious significance of the service. The choir led the congregation in many well known carols, and also sang two Christmas Anthems.

On the following evening the school assembled in the Prep hall to watch the nativity plays which were presented by grade VIII and grade X. Following this, the choir, in a very lighthearted mood, sang "Ding Dong Merrily on High", and "The Carol of the Bells". We also attempted to sing "The Twelve Days of

Christmas", but half-way through everyone was laughing so much that we just managed to complete it before we broke down completely. Following these lively activities in the Prep hall, the choir, all holding candles, lined up along the passageway while the staff and the rest of the school passed through on their way to the lounge.

On the last morning of term, when the wind was whistling and the snow lay three feet deep, many faithful members of the choir rose at five o'clock and toured the outside of the school singing carols. We hope that our harmonious music was enjoyed by all!

In the summer term, on April 20th we were invited to sing Matins in St. George's Church in Lennoxville. After the service we were treated to a delicious lunch, kindly prepared for us by the Church Guild.

Many thanks to Miss Hewson and to Miss Johanson for dedicating their time to us. Best of luck to the future choirs of K.H.C., and remember "KEEP SPITTING!"

HELEN MCGRAW

## RED CROSS REPORT

To start off the year the Red Cross Committee planned a Bingo with the help of Mlle. Lecours. Prizes were given.

Miss How, the program director of the Junior Red Cross, came to talk to us about the work of the Red Cross. She showed us different articles that we could knit and sew, and other ways of helping the Red Cross.

During the Christmas holidays Linda MacTier, our Grade X representative attended a Red Cross Youth Conference in Montreal. She found it very interesting and came back with some good ideas.

The popcorn sale put on by the grade XI's was a great success in spite of a few broken teeth.

Lennoxville High School started regional, monthly meetings in this area. The meetings consisted of group discussions, a delicious dinner and a guest speaker. Two of our Executive Committee attended.

We all know what a profitable undertaking it was to charge 10¢ for every article taken out of confiscation.

Prospective activities are a Slave Sale put on by Grade X and a barbecue put on by the Matrics.

In the sewing lab. the lower forms have been making culotte jumpers, dresses and jumpers with the aid of Mlle Lecours. These will come in very handy when the Red Cross needs to send them to poverty stricken and disaster areas. Also 100 health kits have been put together with soap, washcloth, toothpaste and toothbrush, comb, toy, and towel. These are sent to disaster areas and are very useful.

PHYLLIS HAY, President

MARTHA CRESSY, Vice-President

## DRAMA REPORT

Miss Hewson and the many aspiring actresses of K.H.C. have been very busy this year with their various projects. Hard work went into all the endeavours

and we are proud to say that each and every play was a great success.

Cynny Gilbride, Marnie Ellis and Barb Skelton were in the Bishop's College Players' Club production of "You Can't Take It With You" under the direction of Mr. Lewis Evans with assistance from Mrs. Clifton. The complete play was presented on the 19th of March at the B.C.S. auditorium and later one act at the Theatre Workshop at Bishop's on April 26th. It was a comedy about a "nutty" New York family in the early 1930's. Congratulations to all those connected with this performance. Starting off a new term well, April 20th drew the curtains on "Victoria Regina" — a very difficult and serious play, starring Debbie Matheson and Mrs. Clifton. Special thanks go to Mrs. Clifton who was called in at the last minute to take the place of Rhona Halpern who was at home sick. The play was splendidly presented and well received by the whole school.

Six non-skiers showed the results of their free Tuesday afternoons when on April 24th, they presented "Maid In Arms", the second play under the direction of Miss Hewson. It was the story of the call of young Joan of Arc.

On April 26th, all actresses of Compton piled aboard a bus and headed for the Theatre Workshop at B.C.S. Not only did Compton and B.C.S. perform that afternoon but plays were also presented by Cookshire High School and Stanstead College. The annual Workshop is presented on a non-competitive basis and constructive comments are given by visiting adjudicators. This year it was Earl Pennington of the C.B.C., an actor himself, as well as a writer, producer and radio personality. And so the year draws to a close and the curtain falls until another September. Thanks to all those who worked behind or on the stage, and especially to Miss Hewson and Mrs. Clifton, for making this a most successful theatrical year.

MARNIE ELLIS

## A REPORT ON OUR GOING TO SEE THE PLAY "THE HORSE"

"The Horse", What's that?"

"It's a play".

"You going?"

"I don't know as yet".

"What a crazy name for a play. Who is it by?"

"Some man called Hay".

"Where and when is it going to be?"

"At Bishop's University, on Friday. Mrs. Rittenhouse's husband is directing it".

"What are you going to wear?"

This was the trend of conversation all over the school when it was announced that we would be able to see a performance of "The Horse" a play by Julius Hay, presented by the students of Bishop's University, directed by Mr. Rittenhouse. We had been told that it was a comedy about an insane Roman Emperor who chose a horse to be his consul; this sounded like a really funny story, so many wanted to go and see how things turned out for the Emperor and his horse. After a week of checking names of those going, Friday night finally arrived and we all piled excitedly into the buses.

On arriving at Bishop's University we were ushered into the theatre, sat down and impatiently waited for the play to begin. The play was to be performed on a Shakespearean type stage. There were no curtains just a platform projecting into the audience, with some scenery behind. The performers entered from the wings onto the platform. At eight o'clock the lights dimmed and a band, much to our enjoyment began to play some 'neat' beat music, when the overture was finished players took their places on the darkened stage.

The lights went on and the play began.

What a delightfully entertaining and enjoyable play it was! As the overture

had indicated, it was a light amusing play, with some very twentieth century-looking chorus girls and boys doing the latest dances. The Emperor was superbly played by an energetic young man who had the audience in stitches with his antics and speeches. The hero of the play was very good looking, and all the school girls sighed whenever he came on. All the other characters were well played, the funny ones got their laughs and the more serious ones, understanding.

Besides the actors, the costumes and the scenery were colourful and pleasing. All too soon the play came to an end, the young man married his love and the emperor was as insane as ever, but because there was a human consul in office instead of a horse everyone was happy. And so were we as we were driven back to school. Indeed it was an evening well spent.

M. LAU, Matric.

## AS YOU LIKE IT

"As You Like It" was a Shakespearean performance put on by Bishop's University students on February 26, 1969. Before the play there was a very effective arrangement of "O Canada", and following that the play started.

The actors were all amateurs, but knew their lines very well, and it was not hard to hear them since all the words were pronounced loudly and clearly, without obvious force. Rosalind was dressed in a pink pant-suit and Celia had on a long, elegant dress. The costumes were fairly modern and not too much of the Elizabethan style. Lighting was very effective, and so was the stage with its unusual scenery. The words of the play did not vary from what Shakespeare had written many years ago, but humour was put forth through Sir Oliver Martext and Le Beau. At the end of the performance the audience burst into applause as the actors disappeared to the wings of the stage.

WILLA HENRY, Grade 9



**B.C.S. - K.H.C.****1968-69 CALENDAR**

This has been one of the best years for dances and activities with Bishop's. Thanks for this goes to the Committee of representatives from both schools headed by Rhona Halpern and Mike Kenny.

Our first visit to B.C.S. was for a football game against St. Pat's, a supper and the movie "What's New Pussycat?" This provided a wonderful opportunity for meeting the boys and it was felt to be a very successful adventure.

The next expedition to Lennoxville was for a money-raising carnival in aid of Biafra. The afternoon began with a football game whose teams were composed of girls and boys from both schools. It was not the most legitimate football match ever as most of the rules were stretched a little, but it certainly was a hilarious one.

Supper was provided at each house at outdoor barbecues. This was great fun and we all feel that there might have been some future chefs developing their talent over the smoking coals.

Back in the school building once again, there was a sock-hop which began with a snowball dance to warm things up. "The Group" from Compton entertained us with their own arrangements and harmony and were very well received.

The 30th of November heralded the annual Bishop's Tea Dance. Everyone was, of course, nervous about the "pairing off" but after this was completed the dance was well on its way to success. The decorations were very well done and an upside-down Christmas tree in the centre of the room was a real conversation piece. As all good things must end, so did our evening at Bishop's and we all piled into awaiting buses eagerly discussing our dates and the evening.

February 1st brought the winter carnival. The gymnasium was lined with booths featuring all sorts of skill-testing games and promising great prizes. There was a balloon shaving contest, basketball throwing, a hockey test and many games of chance. Everyone seemed to have won some trinket as a souvenir and was very enthusiastic about the whole afternoon. Skating races were the next on the list and the rink shook with the cheers for the different houses.

Just before the dance began the prizes for the races and for the houses were announced. Again the cheers rang out as each house drowned-out the others with its shouts. The dance ended the evening and once again the buses rolled back to Compton filled with tired but happy girls.

B.C.S. boys ranked among the numbers who attended our Formal on March 1st. They all seem to have enjoyed it and have been heard to say, "It was the best yet".

In the future lies the Cadet Dance and perhaps one or two other meetings with our "brother school". It has been a well organized year and we would like to thank our hosts and all those who worked hard on arrangements for us.



## STANSTEAD AND COMPTON

### '68 AND '69 ACTIVITIES

Even though we have only been to Stanstead twice, both visits were considered very successful and were greatly enjoyed.

October 26th was the date of our first meeting with Stanstead. We arrived just in time to watch the football game against B.C.S. As it was the trophy game the tension was acute and everyone on the sidelines was loud with enthusiastic cheers for her favorite team. Stanstead won the game and our hosts were jubilant.

After dinner, we got acquainted in the lounge and library while waiting for the band to arrive.

Although the dance got off to a late start, the spirits of guests and hosts were not dampened, and all agreed it was a much enjoyed evening. The decorations, which had been laboriously hung, were effective and many K.H.C. rooms are now bearing the red and white streamers taken down after the dance. So ended our first memorable adventure to Stanstead.

Saturday, February 8th, announced the Stanstead Winter Carnival. On arrival, the boys escorted us to the football field for snowy activities. Featured in the gay afternoon schedule were 3-legged races, a tug-of-war between Trafalgar and Stanstead, and a boy-girl broomball game. Although many landed in unconventional positions in the snow, it was all in the spirit of fun, and laughter rang clear.

Running inside, everyone gathered in the recreation hall to be entertained on closed circuit television by the six princesses who were competing for the title of "Stanstead Carnival Queen". Two girls from each school, Trafalgar, St. Helen's and King's Hall displayed their talents.

After changing, we all went to a delicious supper and then headed to the dance featuring the "Carnival Connection."

During a band break the Queen was crowned. The choice was difficult, as all the girls had done their best and we were very pleased with our two princesses, Billie Johnston and Helen McGraw. The Queen was Icia Stiff from St. Helen's. Billie was voted one of the princesses. We'd like to thank both girls for representing us so well with their "Modern Jazz."

Each princess was presented with a corsage of red and white carnations and a Stanstead pendant — as a souvenir of her day.

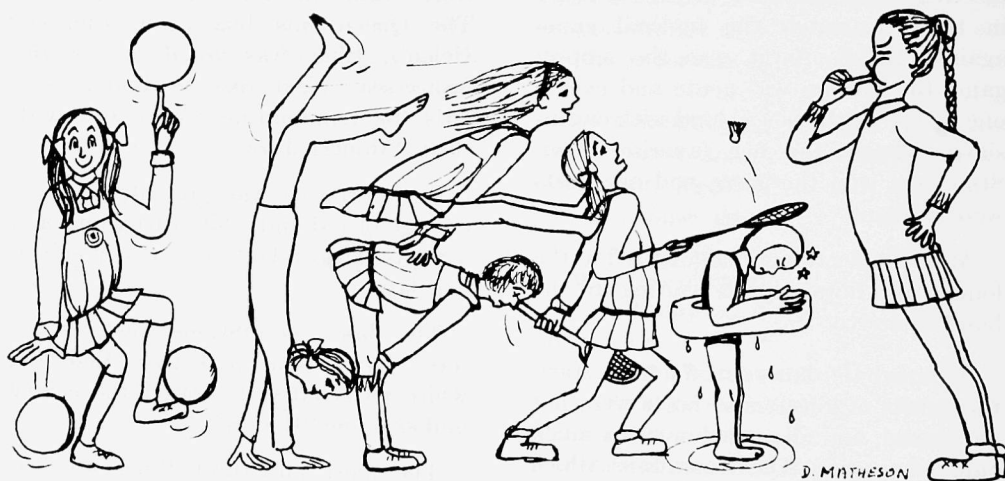
The dance decorations were, as before, very bright and gay. Red and white parachutes decorated the ceiling and skis lined the walls.

The most important thing was the good time we had and the memories we will always keep.

Thank you Stanstead for your hospitality this past year.



# Sports



## SPORTS REPORT

An eager spirited staff sparked a renewal of interest in sports at K.H.C. Soccer, volleyball, basketball and badminton all extended outside the school limits in competitive games at various schools followed by victorious, or in many cases non-victorious, festal celebrations. Even more important was the renewed enthusiasm exhibited in the intra-mural sports activities which included elimination badminton, tennis, and ping-pong as well as swim meets and track and field events. A new surface on the "gym" floor, new equipment and renovated tennis courts were gratefully accepted, and eagerly utilized.

Free Tuesday afternoons, occasional Sundays, and the annual expedition to Mount Orford, or Hillcrest for those who

preferred, combined with perfect snow conditions, resulted in a most successful ski season.

Miss Kidd started the first term afresh by introducing morning exercises in the daily schedule, in which she, and several other energetic staff took part. These replaced the traditional run, stumble, crawl!! twice around the school before breakfast routine.

The gym "dem" preparation began very early in the second term. Volunteer participation, a novel idea, and long hours of practice, has made it a most favorable reflection of the high standard, of Miss Allen's instruction this year.

All in all, it has been a most fulfilling year for sports enthusiasts. Here's to continued progress in the widening of the sports calendar in the years to come.

SWIMMING

Swimming this year has proved very popular, especially among those interested in Life Saving. Many students signed up to take their Bronze Medallion, and all those who had successfully passed this exam last year started training for their Bronze Cross or their award of merit exams. Both water work and theory lessons were held weekly from October to February, and at the beginning of March Mr. Harding and Mr. McDonald, examiners from Lennoxville, very kindly came to test us. Everyone was relieved to hear that we had all passed. A list of the successful candidates and the levels they achieved is given below. We should like to thank Miss Whight, Miss Richardson and Miss Allen for all the time they gave up to help us become qualified life savers!

At present a group of juniors are practising very hard so that they will be able to do a synchronized swimming routine for the closing.

We are also looking forward to the inter-house swimming meets scheduled to take place during the summer term.

HELEN MCGRAW

LIFE SAVING AWARDS

Award of Merit: Bronze Medallion:

K. JEFFERSON	M. COX
H. MCGRAW	M. GRAHAM

	R. HALPERN
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Bronze Cross:

M. GRIDDALE	D. HORNIG
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J. MEAGHER	M. LAU
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C. MITCHELL	P. TILLEY
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B. LLOYD	C. BEATTIE
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C. LOVE	T. ELLSON
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P. PORTEOUS	D. MATHESON
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	E. NELLES
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	C. WISENER
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	L. BARTRAM
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	S. BUTTERWORTH
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D. HORNIG	H. HAYES
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M. LAU	JILL KIRWIN
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	JAN KIRWIN
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	T. ROBINSON
--	-------------

	V. ROLPH
--	----------

C. LAMBERT	F. THOMSON
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D. LAU	A. BROWN
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VAULTING CLUB REPORT

Many girls signed up for vaulting and after several weeks, those who had faithfully attended and shown interest as well as ability were chosen as members.

At the beginning of the second term we started to work towards the "Gym Dem" for the closing in June. Only those interested in gymnastics and willing to do hard work, about forty-four of us from both Junior and Senior clubs, will be participating in the June "gym display". We will be wearing black leotards this year instead of white shirts and bloomers. We hope to produce a really polished demonstration. At the moment the seniors are practising hard on the apparatus and the juniors are working enthusiastically on individual projects. We thank Miss Allen very much for the encouragement she has given us this year.

CYNTHIA PARKER

SKIING

As can be seen from the School Calendar, skiing played a very important part in our winter sports programme this year. Miss Richardson organized the Tuesday afternoon skiing and nearly one hundred girls took advantage of the arrangements. Immediately after dinner ski clothes were donned, equipment collected, and the buses set out for Hillcrest. We were divided into small groups on the basis of proficiency with lessons for one hour and practice or free skiing for the other hour. Many girls improved rapidly and all enjoyed their time on the hills. There were several special Sunday excursions, including one to Mt. Orford, and these were enjoyed by all.

We want to thank Miss Richardson for a very successful ski year. To Miss Evans and the members of Staff who accompanied us on these excursions we want to say 'Thank You' for helping to make 1969 the best ski year in the history of King's Hall.

## FRONT ROW:

T. Ellson; M. Cressy; M. Shirriff;  
H. McGraw; C. Parker; G.  
Murphy; P. Porteous.

## BACK ROW:

P. More; C. Mitchell; M. Gra-  
ham; B. Johnston; A. Ramsden;  
M. Patton; M. Cox.

ABSENT: R. Halpern.

## SENIOR SOCCER

This year teams from six schools formed a soccer league in which we participated. We played each school twice — once at home and once away. Most of the matches were played after school, and we really enjoyed visiting our opponents' grounds and meeting them socially after the games.

Our Senior team worked very hard, and this, combined with the natural ability of many of its members, enabled us to avoid defeat throughout the season. Of the eight league games we played, we won five and drew three, and thus became the league champions. We played an exhibition game against Bishop's University at the end of the season and managed to keep our unbeaten record by defeating their team 1-0. To complete our successful season, both teams shared in a celebration dinner in Sherbrooke. At this, the organizer of the league presented the trophies of which we are very proud.

I should like to thank all the members of the team for their support throughout the season, and Miss Allen for urging us on to victory. I would like to say a special "thank you" to Mr. Roberts who so willingly gave up his own free time to coach us and to referee our matches. Best of luck to next year's Senior team, and I hope you have the same success and enjoyment that we had in 1968.

HELEN MCGRAW, Captain

## FRONT ROW:

A. Brown; P. Rowland; W.  
Henry; C. Montano; L. Duval;  
L. Bartram.

## BACK ROW:

B. Skelton; C. Lambert; C.  
Pearson; D. Laurie; R. Fowler;  
D. Smith; L. Fowle.

ABSENT: E. Nelles.



## JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

The soccer season opened as soon as we arrived in September. Within a few weeks the team had been chosen and every afternoon under the supervision of either Mr. Roberts or Miss Allen we were out practising.

We competed with many schools in this area, both at home and away, for the St. Francis Valley Athletic Association Trophy. We came home victorious with a trophy of which we are proud. Our Victory Party was celebrated one afternoon with bowling in Sherbrooke and supper at the Le Baron. The team greatly appreciated the coaching which Mr. Roberts and Miss Allen gave us and we are looking forward to playing once again next year.

CANDY MONTANO, Captain





K.H.C. vs. Lennoxville High School  
Senior 1-0 Junior 2-0

K.H.C. vs. Magog  
Senior 0-0 Junior 2-1

K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke High School  
Senior 1-1 Junior 3-0

K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke High School  
Senior 5-1 Junior 1-0

K.H.C. vs. Lennoxville High School  
Senior 1-1 Junior 1-0

K.H.C. vs. Magog 2-0 (away)

K.H.C. vs. North Hatley 2-0

K.H.C. vs. Mitchell School  
Senior 3-0 Junior 0-0 (home)

## SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

As the soccer season drew to a close volleyball enthusiasts headed for the gym to practise. The official season opened with a match against Sherbrooke. As time sped on, Compton's team was bettered due to the several strenuous games played against Magog, Sacré Coeur and Lennoxville. The grand finale was an all-day tournament at Sherbrooke High in which most school teams from the surrounding area participated. This unfortunately brought the too short season to a close.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Miss Allen for all the help and extra time she has given us this season. All the best to next year's volleyball players. MARY PATTON, Captain

## Volleyball



### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

#### FRONT ROW:

H. McGraw; C. Fox; M. Patton;  
M. Cox; G. Murphy.

BACK ROW: C. Montano; M. Shiff;  
K. Large; C. Parker; D. Hornig;  
J. Meagher.

ABSENT: R. Halpern.

### JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

#### FRONT ROW:

L. Duval; B. Skelton; Jill Kirwin;  
P. Rowland; J. Rigby.

#### BACK ROW:

L. Bartram; C. Lambert; C. Pearson;  
M. Seveigny; L. Lemarroy.

ABSENT: E. Nelles.

## JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

This year Compton has been fortunate enough to have a junior volleyball team. Although few of us had much experience in the game, we played several matches against schools in the Sherbrooke area including Magog, Mitchell School, and participated in a tournament at Sherbrooke High School. Despite our inexperience we managed to have one victory and loads of fun. We all wish next year's junior volleyball team equal or even greater success. "Good Luck!" The team would like to thank Miss Allen most sincerely for her patient coaching and help throughout the season.

ELIZABETH NELLES, Captain





### SENIOR BASKETBALL

"Sixty-nine" was the first year, but far from the last, for Compton's basketball all stars. After a few scrimmages amongst ourselves we headed for the big time! We were kindly welcomed at Lennoxville for the first game. It was an experience for both teams! During the season we played Ayer's Cliff, Coaticook, Magog, Sherbrooke and Richmond. From these games we gradually improved and we hope next year to get a few more victories.

All of us on the team wish to thank Miss Allen who was a great coach, and we wish her the best of luck with next year's team.

MARTHA COX, Captain

### SENIOR BASKETBALL

#### FRONT ROW:

J. Meagher; H. McGraw; M. Cox; G. Murphy; C. Gilbride.

#### BACK ROW:

E. Markham; M. Shirriff; K. Large; B. Johnston; C. Parker; C. Fox; B. Sinclair.

#### ABSENT:

R. Halpern.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

This was the first year King's Hall participated in an Inter-School Basketball League. Many Juniors tried out and practised hard to make the team. The game at Lennoxville gave us our first experience playing on regulation courts. We were, . . . . ., unfortunately, . . . . ., defeated but felt we had played well. Throughout the winter we went, nearly every Friday night, to compete with schools in the Eastern Townships. Our first victory at Coaticook High School gave us encouragement and even more team spirit for the following games.

We are looking forward to playing again next year and we hope the practice we gained will lead us to greater success next season. Our sincere thanks to Miss Allen for her endless coaching and help.

WILLA HENRY, Captain



### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

#### FRONT ROW:

P. Rowland; W. Henry; Jill Kirwin.

#### BACK ROW:

L. Duval; C. Pearson; L. Bartram; M. Seveigny; L. Fowle.

#### ABSENT:

E. Nelles.



**BADMINTON****FRONT ROW:**

C. Fox; W. Henry; B. Johnston;  
M. Shirriff; J. Meagher.

**BACK ROW:**

H. McGraw; G. Murphy; D.  
Hornig; M. Seveigny; C. Gilbride.

**BADMINTON REPORT****1969**

The badminton this year as well as being fun was extremely successful owing to the help and patience of Cynthia Gilbride and Cathy Fox, our sports captains, and Miss Allen.

During the second term there were organized school badminton tournaments in which all could participate. These were designed as House competitions with points going toward the Sports Shield given in June.

At the beginning of the summer term keen players went to Sherbrooke armed with box lunches for an all-day tournament. There were competitors from at least ten participating schools. Although Compton won nothing we enjoyed playing and meeting players from various schools.

Badminton is still in full swing and the gym is rarely found unoccupied.

We hope this keen interest will continue next year and that there will be just as much competition and fun.

WILLA HENRY

# LITERARY

## A QUESTION

When you are old,  
And I am old;  
Will we together lie  
Or will you not remember me?  
As earth's young loves do die.

You say that you do love me now,  
And I do feel the same;  
But will quickly flying years  
Erase the feelings of our hearts?  
And change our love-made plans.

I love you now,  
With all my heart  
And changing seasons pass  
Bearing only on their winds  
My murmurs of your name.

It is the season  
Of the spring  
When buds of love  
Do bloom —  
But will love die  
When season ends?  
Or will it stay the same?

MARNIE ELLIS, Matric.

## THOUGHTS

I sat outstretched among the tall green  
grass  
My mind up in the clouds and  
Body down upon the ground.  
I wondered about the nightingale,  
Who in the branches  
Sings a lovely song.  
I thought of love,  
Who with fate conspires against  
All natural happenings;  
About when suns and universe cease  
to be?  
All these thoughts soon disappear  
And seen before me is the  
Terrible truth —  
Reality.

JILL RIGBY, Grade 9

## SOUNDS

There are different sounds everywhere —  
Some are floating in the air  
Some are wisps as leaves rush by  
Others are birds singing in the sky,  
The rush of waves upon the rock  
The squeaking of a rusted lock  
The rustling grass around the moors  
The hard, strong knocks upon the doors.  
These are sounds heard everywhere;  
Stop and listen if you care!

ANNE BROWN, Grade 8

## MAN PROPOSES — FATE DISPOSES

Yes, it had all been planned so carefully nothing possibly could happen; this is what we had thought. My mother, my father, my two brothers and myself were all going to pick up my sister at her boarding school in Boston. All we had to do was to drive down in a car, pick her up and go to Logan International Airport in Boston and fly to Spain for our four-week holiday. Our arrangements had all been made by my father who worked in a travel agency, and we were to leave on Wednesday, June 12th. My brothers and I got out of school on the 10th, so we were busy at home preparing and talking about our trip. The day finally came, and we were **en route** to Boston. We were talking and laughing maybe a bit too carelessly and quickly when a tire blew out on our car. Another car was trying to pass us, we swerved out and crashed into it. This bumped us off balance and the car did a somersault. The last thing I remember was falling, falling, and the tremendous heat. The next thing I remember was a doctor and nurses stand-over me with all kinds of instruments, and someone in the background saying that the girl lying over there was the only survivor in the car crash.

TANY ELLSON, Grade 10

**THE LAST QUESTION**

Whom killest thou?  
 I do not know.  
 Why killest thou?  
 They told me so.  
 Why doest thou?  
 Because they do.  
 What for doest thou?  
 They told me to.  
 Who shoots at you?  
 The enemy do.  
 Do they know you?  
 I doubt they do.  
 Why fallest thou?  
 The shot was true  
 Where goest thou?

B. SKELTON, Grade 9

**HAPPINESS  
IN PRETTY THINGS**

As I ran down the now over-grown path to the rocky beach of the St. Lawrence, I could feel the wind rushing across my face, the faint smell of the baby strawberries coming up, the hay freshly cut and the strong, fishy smell of the St. Lawrence. It's a funny feeling. The tide rushes up to your feet and then backs away. The birds above are trying to lead you away from their young that are nested in the fields nearby. It is really a wonderful place — a place for all to see.

PHYLLIS SISE, Grade 8

**THE SKIER**

Poised on a ridge the skier waits,  
 Then plunges down, while heavy flakes  
 Feather up behind.  
 Bending and straining he carves his way  
 Through waves of snow that send a spray  
 Of crystals intertwined.

A blanket of silence as thick as the snow  
 Muffles the trees and the valley below  
 That waits in the sun.  
 The quiet is split by the swish of his skis.  
 But after a snowfall nobody sees  
 Which way he has gone.

D. MATHESON, Grade 10

**DRUG ADDICTION**

The definite addiction to any drug is a tricky business. A person who takes drugs only becomes an addict, however, when he takes the drug, not merely because he wants to, but because he has to. A drug addict, therefore, cannot lead a normal life. People can become addicted to almost any drug, provided they find the effects pleasant. One man is known to have become addicted to sodium bicarbonate — apparently because he liked the sensation of belching! Most people take drugs, however, just to get their "kicks", or to experience hallucinations. The drug which is by far the worst offender, at least in the western world, is alcohol. Hemp, used in some two hundred different forms, such as bhang, majoun and hashish, is taken by scores of millions in the world, especially in Muslim areas, and in India, where alcohol is either frowned upon, or forbidden. In Iran, as in other Eastern countries, opium, which can be obtained cheaply, since opium poppies which are much bigger than the usual variety grow in the fields. They used to be fed to babies whose parents could not afford suitable food for the infant. The effect was to stop the child crying from hunger, but the opium often caused mental abnormalities, which, often eventually caused the child's death, if the drug had been continually taken. It was only about twelve years ago that certain governments forbade this practice.

An addict, overcoming the effects of drugs, is continually subject to sleeplessness, vomiting, sweating and cramps. Alcoholics, if they suddenly stop drinking will develop delirium tremens or, more commonly called, "the D.T.'s".

The principal connection between drugs and crime comes from the need of large sums of money to buy drugs — money that must often be obtained by criminal means. Are you an Addict?

D. WAINMAN-WOOD, Grade 9

### FEAR

The world woke up once more — and  
 fought,  
 For yet, another war  
 Had broken and destroyed  
 The peace, the quiet  
 That every soul had cherished.  
 The enemy killed without thought —  
 Six million lives ended  
 Without reason or guilt.  
 A new kind of bomb  
 To kill  
 Masses of faceless people  
 Ended that war.  
 The enemy lost  
 But still we question  
 What was it all about?  
 The world woke up  
 To find a great leader dead  
 In Dallas . . .  
 War against one man  
 Who could not fight back.  
 Senseless to most, but still,  
 To one man there was a reason,  
 And it left America searching its soul  
 For an answer.  
 The world woke up  
 To Detroit,  
 Memphis, Los Angeles, and Prague.  
 So, perhaps it is right  
 That we should dread  
 The next sunrise  
 For fear of what awaits us.

### TOUS LES DEUX

Marchons tous les deux  
 vers notre destin  
 Montrons-leur que nous ne  
 craignons rien.  
 Ils rient de nous dans notre  
 dos, mais l'amour est bien  
 trop beau.  
 Je sais que ça marchera  
 un jour, et ça ne fait  
 rien si tu es noir  
 car je t'aimerai toujours  
 mon amour.

LOUISE SETLAKWE, Grade 10

### BLUE HOLE — JAMAICA

Blue Hole is a very famous lagoon approximately fifty miles from my home. It is about a mile deep and it is a beautiful deep, deep blue. It is usually very smooth and not a ripple may be seen except for the times when the motor boats go racing around with skiers at the back, and then it changes to a choppy lagoon. At one end there is a cold little stream that comes out of the hills and forms a little pool where we often take a dip. As you dive in you almost lose your breath from the cold. If you put some goggles on you can see little fish about an inch long darting through the crystal clear water which is only up to my neck. From that pool it overflows into the Blue lagoon, as it is often called. At the other end the sea enters by a big opening which has a big rock in the middle. On one of the sides of the rock the opening is big enough to let through two big fishing boats at one time. As you enter by a row boat, if there are not any motor boats around, all you can hear is the lapping of the water on the side of the boat and the birds in the overhanging trees. We often use the trees as diving boards. On either side of the lagoon hills rise up. These are covered by palm trees except for one place where there is a type of bar, and sometimes meals are served here. Also skis may be rented from there as well as the boat. The lagoon is about half a mile long and ninety yards wide. At the end, where the cold stream is, there is an overhanging road and people may get out of their cars and look down into the beautiful Blue Hole. We often spend many hours a day there when the family rents a cottage just around the corner and we can row or walk up to Blue Hole. If you every come to Jamaica this is a place you must visit.

SALLY HUMPHRIES, Grade 8



**DREAMING**

It was a typical evening anywhere in the world. The sun had just disappeared over the horizon, and darkness was creeping in all around us. The only sounds were leaves rustling in the wind, the chirping of the crickets, and somewhere in the distance a train whistle breaking the stillness. It was the type of evening you wish you could be with those you love or, sitting curled up in your favorite armchair in front of a friendly, blazing fire, with a book instead of where you were. Suddenly as if from nowhere a bell rings and your daydream is shattered leaving you still at your desk supposedly doing your history notes, instead of at home where you wish you were. You think "Just thirty days and my dream will become reality."

LINDA MAC TIER, Grade 10

**I FOUND MY GOD**

I walked today to look for God;  
In woods I sought.  
I found Him there in every flower.  
The wind was there  
And so was God.  
He sang a song  
Between the trees  
To comfort me and let me know  
That His breath of love and life on top  
Was mine also.  
I felt Him touch, to lead me on  
To watch that squirrel playing in the  
grass.  
To see the jay and hear its song  
And feel the sun shine through the trees  
Down on me.  
I heard Him say, "I am here."  
This made me happy in my heart  
To know I found my God that day —  
The One I sought.

MARTHA SHIRRIFF, Grade 9

**MORNING**

Upon the steps we wait  
like children waiting for the night.  
And sad dreams of love  
lie deep upon a broken falling star.  
The sun below is looking up  
reminding dusty beings.  
Beneath a tiny wishing well  
small voices call softly.  
And in some distant mind  
of someone far away  
Who waits like tiny children  
for a morning bell to ring.

MYRA BOVEY, Grade 8

**CITY AT NIGHT**

A black cat passed stealthily along a dark and serene alley, haughtily ignoring the piles of rubbish which littered the sidewalk. The light from an obscure electric light bulb was reflected onto an opaque window pane, while the moon made patterns in the puddles of stagnant water. The drab-coloured walls of the building gave them a formidable appearance, with the inevitable and eerie shadows lunging forward for some invisible object.

The noise of traffic, a few blocks away, echoed through the desolate street, but as the cat drew closer to the center of town, the scene changed to a hubbub of activity. Glimmering neon lights shone out from every conceivable hiding place, as people walked briskly to and from the stores. Window shoppers stole a last look at their favourite items, before returning home. Cars waited impatiently at the traffic lights, with horns and radios blaring, each succeeding in drowning out the other. As the traffic lights changed to an emerald green, cars, trucks, and every describable vehicle tore rapidly down the road. Towards midnight, the noise eventually lessened and the stray cat wandered nonchalantly behind a group of wooden crates. The stars twinkled in the sky, as the cat curled into a ball and quietly fell asleep, dreaming of a very hectic night in the city.

BRENDA LLOYD, Grade 10



## POESÍA

Del cielo cayó un besito;  
Mi hermanita lo cogió,  
Se lo puso en la boquita,  
Y a mi madre se lo dió.

MARINA SUAREZ

(From the sky fell a kiss; my sister  
picked it up, put it on her lips, and  
gave it to my mother).



## UNA ESCALERA GRANDE

Cuando yo sea grande voy a hacer una  
escalera tan alta que llegue al cielo para  
ir a coger estrellas. Les cogeré a las  
niñas de mi escuela y la luna grande para  
no gastar la luz eléctrica.

MARINA SUAREZ

(When I grow up, I will build a ladder  
which reaches to the sky. I will gather  
the stars for the children of my school  
and the large moon can be used instead  
of electricity).

## EL CUBANO

Una impunidad marcado inclina la  
mayor parte de la vida cubana. Para el  
trabajador que vive tradicionalmente de  
siega a siega, contemplando adelante es  
inútil. Sin embargo, el cubano forma las  
hermandades lentamente y las retiene  
hasta que él muere. Son la fundación  
de su negocio tan bien como de su vida  
social. El es, sin embargo, impulsivo y  
rápido en su liberalidad con su camarada.

El cubano tiene una creencia completa  
en la gente, y particularmente en dos  
básicas clases humanas: el machismo y  
la dignidad. El valor que él pone en la  
dignidad responde con su amor genuino  
de la libertad para que él moriría. El es  
un hombre de las revoluciones, y en  
algún tiempo él es un humano explo-  
sivo. Puede estar ofendido, o siente  
humillante, se temple o importunado de  
las cosas que son aceptables en otras  
partes como normal. Por ejemplo, no  
acepta un favor a menos que sea en una  
posición de alternarlo inmediatamente.  
Este conflicto cultura atravesada está en  
su incomprensible — a algunos americanos  
— resentimiento de los Estados Unidos.

En la vida diaria del trabajador, el  
machismo toma la forma de conseguir,  
o pretender, superioridad en los deportes,  
guerrero, y la mayor parte de todo, en  
amor. El macho espera producir tantos  
niños como posible. (Procreando las  
miñas indica un grado bajo del machis-  
mo). El macho puede ser poeta o  
artista, pero él es, por regla general,  
un hombre activo más bien que un  
hombre reflectivo. Si él quiere expresar  
la nobleza de su espíritu por las palabras,  
ordinariamente él ataca la poesía o él  
hace una oración; las oraciones de Fidel  
Castro que duran por cinco horas son  
tan admiradas por sus proporciones  
heroicas como por sus mensajes.

La idea de machismo es también  
pariente de la historia de opresión que  
ha sido la porción política de Cuba.  
Cuando el cubano individuo ha sido  
impotente de expresar completamente  
su machismo en su vida personal, lo ha  
transferido a menudo a una figura  
pública que presenta la nobleza de  
espíritu, algunas veces un poeta o un  
héroe de los deportes, pero más probable  
como un cabecilla militar o político —  
un Rafael Trujillo o un Fidel Castro. El  
pone gran confianza en sus héroes  
públicos, bien que probablemente él  
puede recordar el disengaño que  
él comenzó a sentir sobre el demagogue  
pasado.

HELEN MCGRAW, Matric

### THE CROSSROADS

I have come to a crossroads in my life.  
I stand undetermined, hesitating at the  
edge of the road

I have come along. And I look back and

I see:

Laughter

Tears

Smiles

Anger

Tenderness

And love

I see the laughter of a child splashing in  
the sea for the first time,

And the tears of a little girl who has  
cut her finger.

I see the smiles of a six-year-old  
running through the daisies.

And the anger of a juvenile squabble.

And the tenderness and love of a mother  
for her child.

And I look ahead where I must go and

I see:

Laughter

Anger

Tears

Excitement

Disappointment

Smiles

Tenderness

Pain

Love

Fulfillment

Maturity

And Joy

And I am happy.

LYN BARTRAM, Grade 9

### A SUBWAY TRIP

I stepped through the metal doors  
and shuffled with the crowd to the toll  
gate and down the escalator to the plat-  
form where people anxiously awaited the  
subway train. The monotonous drone of  
voices, laughing and talking, rang in my  
ears. The dark, damp walls were dotted  
with posters and ads, many ripped and  
bedraggled.

The whirring sound of the approaching  
train echoed through the cement tunnels

and the crowd livened up and hustled to  
the edge of the platform. The doors of  
the cars opened as the train came to an  
abrupt stop with a screech.

I jumped on, shifting my parcel to  
the other arm and making my way to  
a vacant seat. The doors bumped shut  
and the train began to move with a jerk.  
Gaining speed, it was soon clipping  
along. The lights in the tunnel appeared  
as streaks through the windows. I could  
smell the odour of cigars and cigarettes,  
drifting from a group of workmen stand-  
ing in the corner. Various other smells  
were detectable. From packages, the  
smells of groceries, plastics, musty coats  
and the odours of people in general.

The train pulled into another stop,  
almost identical to the one where I had  
got on. A new crowd of people awaited  
and I pushed through the open doors and  
along the platform to the stairs and soon  
emerged into daylight on a busy street.

A. MACCULLOCH, Grade 9

### DECEMBER MORNING

As I opened my eyes on that Decem-  
ber morning my sleepy brain realized  
with joy that it was the first day of  
holidays. The pale, pink ceiling of my  
room floated mistily above me and the  
reflection of the shimmering snow castle  
traced a pattern over it. I pulled my  
toes up from the cold, inhospitably  
smooth region at the end of my bed to  
where the cosy sheets lay warm and  
rumpled. Through a crack between the  
sunlit curtains I could glimpse the glare  
of the frosty outside world. But my  
eyes wandered slowly back to the soft,  
fluffy rug near my bed. As though in  
another world, the sound of the morn-  
ing news pulsated indistinctly from the  
kitchen radio below. The measured  
clicking of the dog's paws on the bare  
floors pierced my blanket of sleep as he  
walked past my door. A faint smell of  
frying bacon heralded breakfast, squirm-  
ing down under the covers, I went back  
to sleep.

D. MATHESON, Grade 10

## EMOTIONS

Striking, kissing, screaming, wishing,  
 Loving, hoping, wishful, thinking  
 Wanting, missing, fearing, being,  
 Knowing, hearing, smelling, seeing.  
 Supernatural emotions unknown to man,  
 Sincerity through words and actions,  
 The wanton criminal who escaped and  
   ran,  
 The starvation of children without mere  
   rations.  
 The bursting of a prisoner within a cell,  
 The happiness of creation and joy,  
 The evil thoughts of a devil from hell,  
 The realization we are a mechanical toy.  
 The killings and death caused by useless  
   war,  
 The joining of hands in a marriage  
   ceremony,  
 The threads of tension which constantly  
   tore  
 The kindness and sincerity of a false  
   man or phoney.  
 The involved learning of text and facts,  
 The sighting of the sunshine and rain,  
 The dancing puppet who joyfully acts,  
 The mixed up mind and corrupted brain.

H. MOZES, Grade 10

## Art Report

At the beginning of this year we welcomed Mrs. Rittenhouse as our Art teacher, and from the day of her arrival we have been forging ahead like young Leonardos. Individually and together, a lot of hard work has been done and the art pages will show a few of the many beautiful works.

Together the art students successfully decorated the school on three big occasions: the first was Hallowe'en — the decorations made and put up by the Grade 9 class were truly spine-chilling and eerie. Large papier-mâché spiders and bats hung from the ceiling of the dining room. A church yard scene filled one of the walls; white dried branches with

more black creatures cast spooky shadows around the dimly lit room. Last, but not least, on each table was a frightening Jack o' Lantern and these gave the only light in the room. With these clever decorations and good food everyone spent an enjoyable Hallowe'en night.

The next big decorating session was done mainly by the Grade 10 class and this was for Christmas. I am sure that no other School Lounge could have been as well decorated as the one at K.H.C. After weeks of preparation and hard work the Lounge was like an unknown room to us. Giant size tin foil windows with red sills decorated two walls and Santa's workshop. On another wall was a giant sleigh with snow crystals floating about it. Red steamers radiated to all corners of the room. The Christmas Tree was beautiful with a jolly life-size Santa standing next to it. All together the Lounge gave all the spirit of Christmas.

The latest success of the 'King's Hall decorators' was the 'gym' for the Formal. Once again it was the Grade 10 class in the lead with the help of others in the school. Yards of cheese cloth were dyed and strung across the rails around the gym to make a 'false ceiling.' On the gym walls were large squares of cloth with 'hand sprayed' designs. Gaily painted 'way out' flowers put a finishing touch to the 'neon rainbow' theme. — It was indeed a sight to behold.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end and although we just welcomed Mrs. Rittenhouse at the beginning of the year, we have to say goodbye to her now that the year is over. Before she goes, however, I am sure that the rest of the school would like to join me in thanking her for all the help and encouragement she has given us, individually and otherwise.

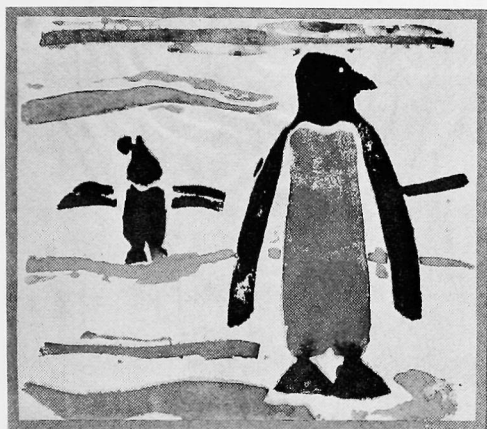
Thank you, Mrs. Rittenhouse.

MICHELE LAU, Matric



MYRA BOVEY  
Grade 8

*TREES*  
*Cardboard Print*



ANNE BROWN  
Grade 8

*PENGUINS*  
*Felt Print*



ANNA AGUAYO  
Grade 8

*PAPER MAN*  
*Collage*



BRENDA SINCLAIR  
Grade 10

*KING'S HALL ROOF TOPS*  
*Charcoal*





KATIE MORRIS  
Grade 10

*THREE DANCERS*  
*Tempra*



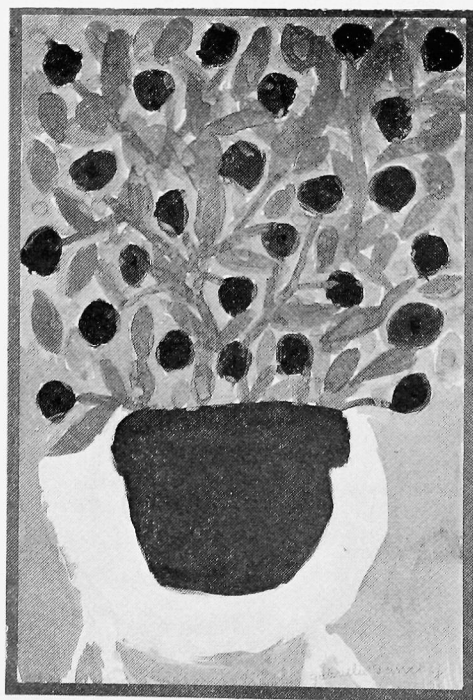
DEE DEE LAURIE  
Grade 9

*DESIGN*  
*Pen and Ink*



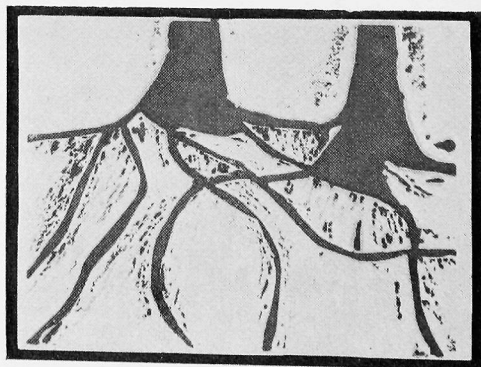
DEBBIE MATHESON  
Grade 10

*PORTRAIT*  
*Charcoal*



GABRIELLA SUAREZ  
Grade 8

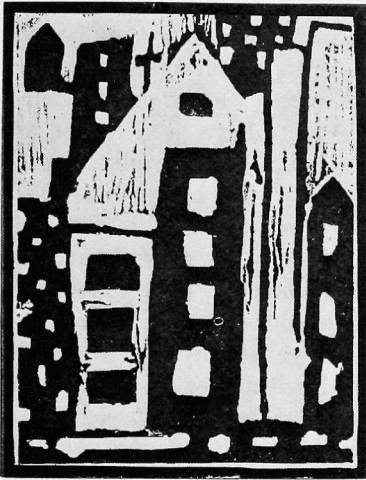
*POT OF FLOWERS*  
*Tempra*



Grade 9  
CASEY LAMBERT

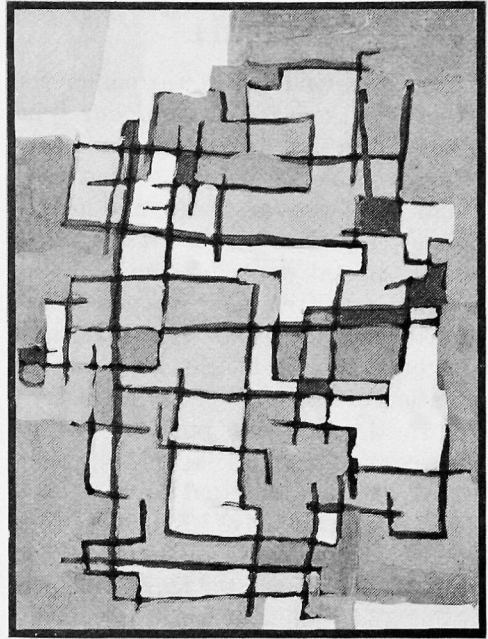
*TREE ROOTS*  
*Lino Print*





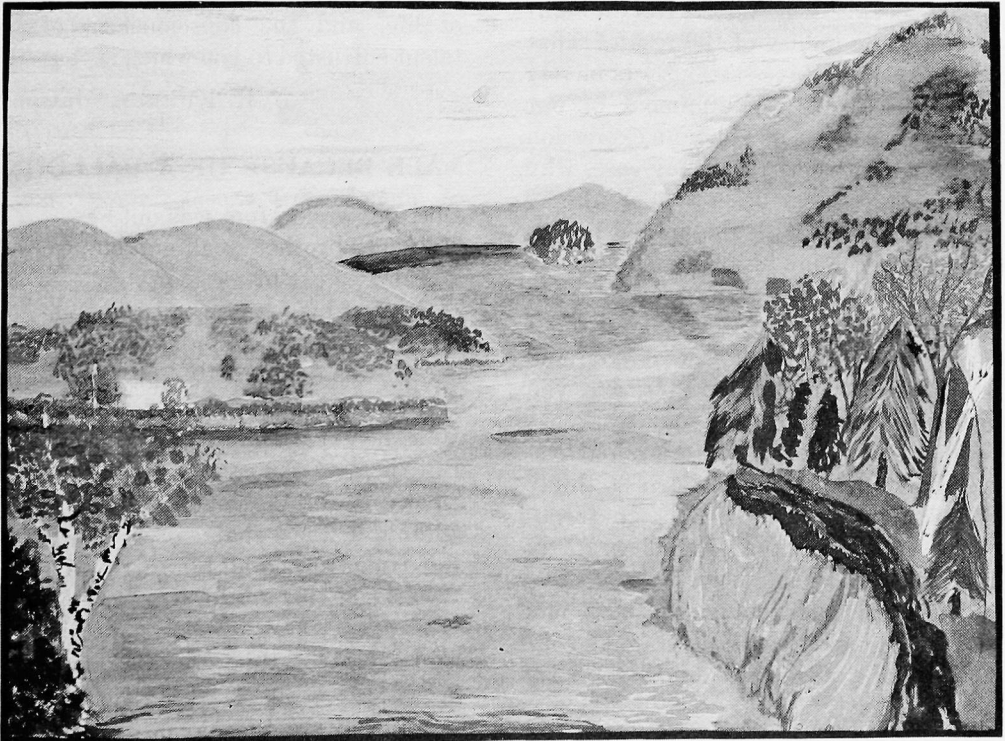
LINDA ZIMMERMAN  
Grade 9

*THE CITY*  
*Lino Print*



WILLA HENRY  
Grade 9

*LINE-TONE DESIGN*  
*Tempra*



ELIZABETH MARKHAM  
Grade 10

*LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG*  
*Tempra*

### FOR ALL

Isn't the void which surrounds you when the noise ceases, your just reward for a day devoted to preventing others from neglecting you? What gives life its value you can find — and love — but never possess? Your cravings as a human animal don't become a prayer because it may be God whom you ask to attend them. Openness to life grants a lightning swift insight into the life situation of others. What is necessary? To wrestle with your problem until its emotional discomfort is clearly conceived in an intellectual form — and then act avoidingly? It makes one wonder when one sees a man has staked his soul upon an end, the hopeless imperfection and futility of which is immediately obvious to everyone but himself. But isn't this, after all, a matter of degree? Isn't the pathetic grandeur of human existence in some way bound up with the eternal disproportion, in this world, where self-delusion is necessary to life, between the honesty of the stirring and the nullity of the result? That we all take ourselves seriously is merely ridiculous. Isn't the fulfillment of our duty towards our neighbor an expression of our deepest desire? In any case, why torture ourselves in order to hurt others? You can't play with the animal in you without becoming wholly animal, play with falsehood without forfeiting your right to truth, play with cruelty without losing your sensitivity of mind. And when all is silent around you, and you recoil in fear, see that your work has become a flight from suffering and responsibility, your unselfishness a thinly disguised masochism, hear then throbbing within you the spiteful heart of the wolf. Do not then anaesthetize yourself once again calling up the shouts and the horns of hunt, but stare at your vision until you have understood its depths.



Self-knowledge does not pass through faith. But only through self-knowledge we gain by pursuing the fleeting light in the depth of our being, and reach the point where we can grasp what faith is. How many have been driven into outer darkness by empty talk about faith, as something to be rationally comprehended, something true? — Our secret will divines its counterpart in others, experiencing its own universality, and this intuition builds a road towards knowledge of the power which is itself a spark within us. At every moment you choose yourself. But do you choose "your" self? Body and soul contain a thousand possibilities out of which you can build many I's. But in only one of them is there a congruence of the elector and the elected. Only one — which you will never find until you have excluded all those superficial and fleeting possibilities of being and doing with which you toy, out of curiosity or wonder or greed, and which hinder you from casting anchor in the experience of the mystery of life, and the consciousness of the talent entrusted to you which is your "I".

R. KUNKLE, Matric.

### ALL BECAUSE OF A BALLOON

One day while Mom was out,  
Huey my brother small and stout,  
Decided to eat his balloon  
Instead of his fitting meal at noon.  
He inflated it with mighty energy  
Which was unfortunate you shall see.  
But he never realized what a sin,  
Until he got it almost half-way in,  
But then, as almost touched by a pin,  
That dreadful moment came.  
Oh my, it was a shame,  
For Huey turned all blue,  
Because of this misdo.

The moral of this story is very plain  
to see,  
When you are left alone, obedient you  
shall be!

AGNES BEANE, Grade 8

## TO THE CHILDREN OF CANADA

Who first sat upon Equibikong (1)  
 Writing down the aria of the North  
 Wind's song  
 Securing in one movement, from a pouch  
 within his belt,  
 The arrow, claiming rights upon the  
 beaver's pelt?

Who fashioned birch bark at Sagaga-  
 wong (2)  
 Into buoyant shapes of beauty, so light,  
 but strong,  
 That fought against the currents in the  
 Ugoho glades  
 Reflecting all the power of the paddle  
 blades?

Who spent his rebing (3) and winter tide  
 Trying to find the caverns where the  
 muskies hide  
 Searching for tomorrow's quite substan-  
 tial feast, today  
 Then returning home to Pecwopurgan  
 Bay? (4)

Who first sat upon our country's knee  
 Listening to the tales of the evergreen  
 tree  
 When "home" meant from Pacific to  
 Atlantic sand  
 And each little child was a child of this  
 land?

And now in sixty-nine when man's to  
 have a "ball"  
 We find our voluminous Canada far too  
 small  
 To even give a good-night kiss and be  
 the mother  
 Of the nation with a heritage — our  
 Indian brother.

- (1) high rock
- (2) where the waters meet
- (3) summers
- (4) corkscrew

BRENDA SINCLAIR, Grade 10

## SPRING

Over the hill, down in the glen,  
 That wonderful season has come again.  
 The sun sifts its rays through the bud-  
 ding trees;  
 All is still save the gentle breeze.  
 Many tiny birds have returned from  
 a trip,  
 A honey bee rests on a crimson tulip.  
 By the little cottage a man is burning  
 leaves;  
 An observant squirrel sips water in the  
 eaves.  
 The grass is sprouting a magnificent  
 green;  
 A few little creatures rouse, trying not  
 to be seen.  
 The lovely surprises this season will bring  
 Could be brought by no other season —  
 than Spring!

A. MACCULLOCH, Grade 9

## MORNING

I can hear the silvery morning chimes  
 Ringing out "good morning" to the  
 world below.  
 And I see the city awakening  
 As the sun prepares morning with a  
 pearly glow.  
 And the dawn is like a rainbow  
 On the silvered shades of the frost and  
 snow.

I look out of my window and see the sun  
 Boldly gilding the frost on my pane  
 And stealing across the shivering streets  
 Glowing red in the sky — a frosty flame  
 And it lights and awakens the sleeping  
 world.  
 And returns to flash in my eyes again.

There's a mystery in the beginning dawn.  
 Like a shy young maiden, alone and  
 forlorn  
 Peeping from under her blanket of night,  
 Venturing forth to become the morn  
 Bolder and bolder she wakes up the world  
 And slowly, quietly, a new day is born.

LYN BARTRAM, Grade 9

### A WORLD WORTHWHILE TO LIVE IN

Let peace be spoken by every man,  
Through every human to every land;  
Let love be carried on and on  
Till words are of love, and hate is gone.

Let man go on to find his goal.  
A memory worthwhile he'll remember,  
Let women be women and never ashamed  
Of their homeland, their colour, and  
least not their name.

May happiness and freedom be a future  
to come.  
And life be a goal worthwhile living;  
May every one feel toward his neighbour more love  
Then this world would be worthwhile to  
live in.

JACKIE DAVIS, Grade 8

### THE PUSHERS

To look at them one might say "Cool,  
They know life. They have it all!"  
I don't agree  
There's more here than meets the eye.

Escape not life but face each day  
The rebel has withstood the test?  
Oh yes. Death, Decay.

They say "There is no God!  
How could there be?  
We have no proof  
It's all a fake",

And then "Forget this life  
It's just a dream  
Escape with pot  
Inject a shot  
You're up".

But when you're down, it's death.  
Oh, to laugh at those who love to talk  
They say a lot  
Articles on public rot —  
a mock.

We soak it in — they get the dough  
Then up they go!

Fantasy!

Leonard Cohen supermystifies?

Donovan just justifies escape.

They're up

And round and round we go!  
"Super cool. They know life — they have  
it all".

I don't agree, there's more here than  
meets the eye.

Why?

CYNTHIA GILBRIDE, Matric

### DEEP FEELINGS AT SUNDOWN

I am all alone now walking in the sand,  
deep with feeling and completely in  
solitude. All is quiet except for the  
sounds of the sea, and of nature around  
me. The air is fresh with salt and I  
breathe it in deeply. My mind sub-  
consciously wanders as I listen to the  
splashing of the waves as they mount  
to a crest and roll over suddenly into  
foaming white bubbles of spray. I laugh  
as I feel them cold on my face. The  
sand, too, is cold on my feet and I am  
not always quick enough to keep ahead  
of the waves. Several sandpipers play  
with the water as it rushes along the  
shore. A lonely seagull flies overhead.  
His cry is clear and shrill. Perhaps he is  
like I am — alone and waiting. We are  
both searching for someone we have  
not yet met. . . I stop to think of life —  
of all the hate and war — of the time  
and money wasted in fighting — and of  
how lucky I am. It is getting late, and  
the sun is almost level with the horizon.  
The sky is pink and the sea sparkles as  
it reflects the dying sunlight. The wind  
has come up and it is getting much  
cooler. I must leave now but I shall  
always remember the sea and will come  
back again soon. It will wait for me and  
I shall not disappoint it. For the waves  
and the salt air are my feelings and  
solitude.

LIBBY NELLES, Grade 10



## SEASIDE

The waves roll in upon the beach,  
And ripple through the sand,  
Then soon they take their leave to reach  
Another distant land.

The sun shines brightly in the sky,  
Upon the ocean calm,  
While seagulls call when passing by  
The strong and slender palms.

Children play with bucket and spade,  
When waiting for their food,  
A few relax within the shade  
In sweet and blissful solitude.

Darkness spreads across the earth,  
The moon begins its flight,  
All one's heart is filled with mirth,  
At last it is the night.

BRENDA LLOYD, Grade 10

## PINKY

When I am asleep at night and she wants to go outside, first of all she will go to my mother, (she sleeps on my Mom's bed) put a paw in her face as if to say, "Come on, get up and let me out." If my Mom won't wake up, then Pinky will walk into my room, spring onto my desk and proceed to knock all manner of things on the floor. This usually arouses me, and it is with great relief that I let her outside.

Pinky can't stand to be interrupted while washing. If someone or something interrupts her she will glare at them until they leave her alone. She is indeed a two-faced cat. Innocence herself, that's what Pinky is. If you are eating a chicken leg she will come up, rub her silky body against your leg and look up at you with that eye-melting gaze of hers and silently plead. Being a spoiled pussy-cat, she usually gets what she wants.

I said she was two-faced. How true this is! One minute she will be really

nice (to get what she wants) then she will be a real pest. A mischievous little tyrant is Pinky. She will pull up the rug at which Mom really gets angry, and then run away.

Since Missy, . . . . ., is usually sleeping on the rug, my mother assumes it was Missy and throws "him" out. While this is happening Pinky will gloat after the innocent cat with a Cheshire cat-like grin.

Though Pinky is sometimes a pest I still love her dearly.

ROSEMARY FEE, Grade 8

## UN ARTE

Queridas Amigas,

Tengo gusto en escribirles a ustedes unas pocas lineas en una de mis lenguas preferidas.

En mi opinión la lengua, o más bien el arte de comunicar, es uno de los artes más hermosos que vale bien la pena de cultivar y de dominar. Su utilidad y su importancia, aun más de una lengua segunda o tercera, no se pueden exagerar.

En una edad de conflicto, lo que es sobre todo el resultado de una falta de comunicación entre las gentes del mundo, es la lengua el instrumento con que podemos, si queremos, entendernos. En una edad también de viajar por un mundo que se pone más y más pequeño, ¡qué feliz y afortunada es la persona que, en cuanto llega a un país extranjero, puede estar a sus anchas y hallar amigos con el apoyo de su conocimiento de la lengua!

Así la lengua no sirve sólo para comunicar, sino es la puerta por medio de que podemos entrar en un nuevo mundo de amigos. Es mi deseo, en enseñar el español, de acentuar la lengua como el instrumento precioso de la amistad.

Quisiera enviar a mis amigas de esta escuela, en particular a mis estudiantes de español, votos sinceros por buena suerte y amistades alegres.

Afectuosamente,

SRTA. DUQUET



### IT HAS TO BE SAID

The snow is falling  
streets are blocked  
The time to say good-bye to  
someone you love is here.  
This is the time you wish  
he were near.  
It's cold out, but you don't feel it, the  
pain is in the heart.  
This always happens when you are far  
apart.  
Does he love you?  
Does he need you?  
Or is life just one big lie?  
You'll never know, because  
the time has come to say  
Good-bye.

LOUISE SETLAKWE, Grade 10

### FEBRUARY LONG WEEKEND

It starts at ten to seven in the morning  
when the automatic bell goes off. You  
don't have to drag yourself out of bed  
today, because it is a very special day.  
You sit through the first four classes  
without paying much attention because  
you just can't concentrate. The four  
classes finally drag to an end; everyone  
is happy to be going home. You haven't  
been home in such a long time that you  
never realized how much you appreciated  
it.

TANY ELLSON, Grade 10

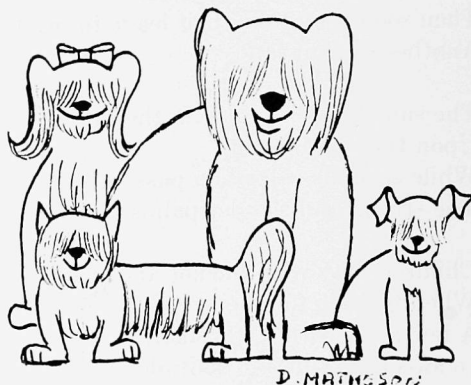
### WORK OF LIFE

I see him, always,  
A vision —  
A vision — but not a shadow of my mind.  
He stands there, watching me work —  
Hard work it is — but not with him here  
to watch me.

It had been his work, before,  
Before it happened.  
He gave it to me — told me he'd always  
be here —  
It's true; he hasn't left me yet — always  
at my side,  
Watching over his work —  
My life.

DOLPHIN WAINMAN-WOOD, Grade 9

WHADDA YA MEAN — WE  
LOOK LIKE TEENAGERS?



### SHOWTIME

Nothing can be compared to that  
great moment of excitement, fear and  
expectation before stepping on stage.  
Opening day and everyone is even more  
excitable than usual. There is something  
special about opening night. It is what  
every actor and actress lives for. Back-  
stage is a frenzy of people, costumes,  
make-up, hairspray, and bobby pins. Each  
player is transformed and each must  
play the part. Good Luck! The lights  
dim, the audience is expectant and I  
take a last deep breath.

CINDY WISENER, Grade 10

### PATTERSON

In the midst of the caked, mud yard  
stood an old, red-brick school house. A  
sole iron bell atop the roof clanged for  
children to come to classes. The school  
room was much too small for the eight  
grades it contained. The rickety steps  
leading to the basement were con-  
structed from now worm-eaten wood.  
The basement itself was of decayed and  
cracked cement, worn where countless  
young feet had hopped, skipped or  
jumped on rainy days.

Now, there stands on this spot a smart  
black and white suburban house where  
no children work or play and traffic  
lights wink at the corner showing pro-  
gress has moved ahead.

H. HAYES, Grade 9

### A THOUGHT

The sounds of the T.V. and my parents seemed like a dull murmur from far away as I sat there in that large, comfortable chair. I was far away in a dream world, dreaming of running, faster and faster up a road. All around me day-break was coming. The air was pure, so fresh — not yet dusty from passing cars. All the world was coming alive, robins were singing and as I ran I saw the blur of green from the fields I was passing. But I couldn't stop to look. I had a secret appointment to keep and I was just a few steps away.

I was here, at the most beautiful spot in the world. Down below me was a beautiful valley with emerald green grass dotted with daisies, clover and other wild flowers. It was so quiet and peaceful. The only sounds were the birds and the gurgling of a brook that wound its way merrily through this valley.

If I looked away to the horizon I saw mountains rising into the light blue sky. The sun lighting up the world was sparkling behind one of those majestic peaks. For those first few minutes of the new day it would look its best for those who cared to watch it. Then, Crash! there was a peal of thunder and I was brought back to earth with a jolt, just in time to hear "Dinner's ready", echo through the house.

CAYLA WEST, Grade 8

### WAR

ZOOM! Zoom! Masses of planes filled the skies. Black as thunder! Suddenly, a flash of red marred the skies like blood being smeared over the filthy black horizon. Streets are filled with people running everywhere seeking shelter. Bang! One bomb landed. Screams! Don't look back. The scene is too horrible for your eyes. Run for shelter. Over there on your left, your old church is in flames. Remember your Mum making you wash and dress up on Sundays. Now your memories are gone. Remember Mum! Our old home hit. Mum should have come with me. Here there's shelter, food, fear, but safety!

Silence! The few remaining souls slowly gather in the street staring at the sky, quiet but still black. Everything is gone, the old grocery store, church, houses. But we're alive and must carry on living our lives.

Meeting is called for. Now we must appoint new leaders replacing those who are gone. Phone London. Get food. Look after the children. Night is almost over. Get everyone to the cellars. Tell the children a story. Reassure them that everything is all right.

Shall we still be here tomorrow night? Shall we be attacked unprepared? Wait. How long can we wait? They say the war will end soon. When?

PAMELA GREY, Grade 10

### THE GUITAR GIRL

Guitar at hand,  
Sitting in the bed  
Lonely girl plays.

Sun shining through window,  
Reflection of rays on guitar,  
Girl playing for someone far.

People pass by  
Not hearing the cry  
Of the singing girl near by.

Sun goes down  
Music stops  
Nothing left to see or hear  
Except the guitar girl's tear.

LOUISE SETLAKWE, Grade 10

# VALETE

## MISS WALLACE

Miss Wallace came to King's Hall in 1938 shortly after her graduation — with Honours — from Bishop's University. Her 31 years as Senior Science mistress have seen the Science Lab in the basement grow in size and finally blossom into a shining new Science Centre on the second floor. She has seen many other changes and additions to the buildings from the Gym and Pool wing to Gillard House. In these years, under her guidance, hundreds of girls have learned some of the basis facts and skills so important and valuable in this scientific age.

Many "Old Girls" will remember long walks in the Spring and Fall to observe first hand, and in their proper settings, the life cycle of plants and insects. The more sophisticated presentation of science was made possible by regular visits to the Science Fairs at Bishop's University. All the Science students were taken to these exhibitions by Miss Wallace and the interest was great and the intelligent questions numerous. Others will remember the Winter Picnics — on skis or snowshoes with bacon and eggs cooked over an open fire. Unfortunately these expeditions ended when Miss Wallace became a non-resident. To the scientific and non-scientific alike the annual lectures and movies or slides provided by the special "guest" of the Massawippi Bird Club were eagerly anticipated. Miss Wallace was responsible for making this annual treat possible.

It is impossible to mention here all the things Miss Wallace has done for King's Hall and for its students. Each individual has her own special reason for saying "Thank you, Miss Wallace". The good wishes of all go with her.

## MISS STICKNEY

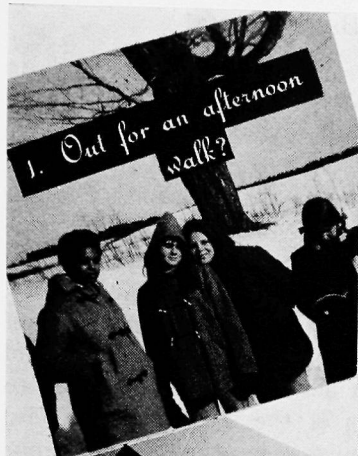
Miss Stickney has been at King's Hall for seven years and has devoted her talents to helping struggling mathematicians improve their skills — a difficult task indeed but she has persevered. She encouraged computational accuracy in the Bridge Club where some girls did have difficulty in evaluating their hands but enjoyed the game and even became quite skilled players. Golf club in hand Miss Stickney has often been seen late in November and early in April practicing tee shots on the soccer fields. Before The Oval disappeared her efforts produced magnificent displays of colour in the flower beds.

She has often wandered far from her beloved New Brunswick but she has always returned — this time she says it is "for keeps". King's Hall will miss you very much Miss Stickney — the best wishes of all go with you. We hope that you will take many pleasant memories of King's Hall and the Eastern Townships with you.

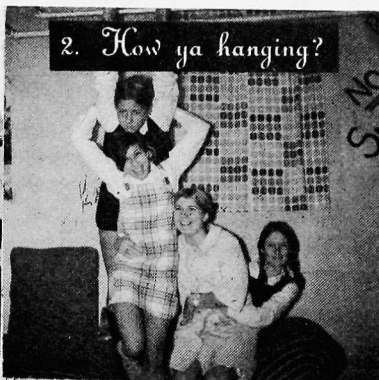


## Mlle LECOURS

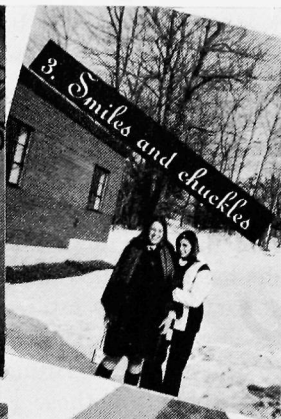
Mlle Lecours has presided over the Home Economics activities for four years. Under her guidance the girls have developed some skills which will stand them in good stead in the future. Many children in distant lands are wearing the garments made for the Junior Red Cross — few of the items would not have been completed without her help. For this, and for her many other contributions to life at K.H.C. we will miss Mlle Lecours next year. We hope that you enjoy your new venture. Bonne Chance!



1. Out for an afternoon walk?



2. How ya hanging?



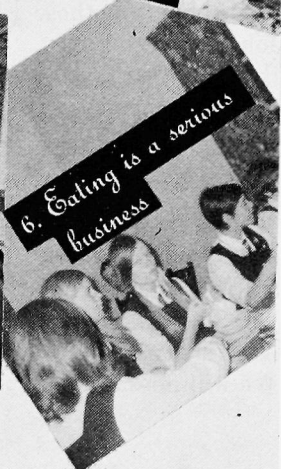
3. Smiles and chuckles



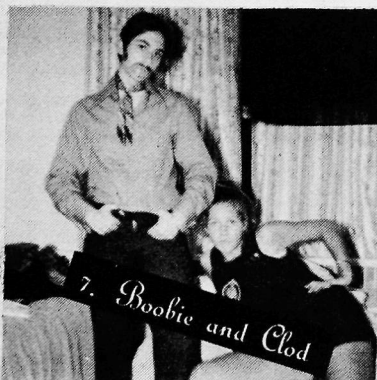
4. Happiness is being on duty



5. Tout le groupe!



6. Eating is a serious business



7. Boobie and Clod



8. Where the noise is!

## Valete (continued)

### MISS BRITTON

Miss Britton came to King's Hall for a few weeks in 1966 to help out while one of the Staff was ill. She returned in September on a permanent basis and has been a most active member of the Staff. Her work in the Library has been of great value to the School and to all the students. As an amateur ornithologist she has given the Staff great pleasure by attracting many interesting birds to her feeding station. They will miss her and so will we. New Brunswick has a very strong hold on those who leave the St. John River Valley. We hope, Miss Britton, that you will take with you pleasant memories of the Townships. Good Luck!

### MISS DUQUET

Miss Duquet has been a member of the Staff for two years. Her knowledge of Spanish has been put to good use this year in dealing with our young South Americans as well as in the classroom. We will miss her next year and will miss

her white Camaro dashing up or down the drive. Hasta la vista!

We are sorry to say "Good-bye" to several Staff who came to King's Hall last September. Mme Métras has come from Sherbrooke to assist in the French Department on a part time basis. She has found the travelling and lack of time with her family a problem and so will not return. Bonne Chance Mme. Métras. Mrs. Rittenhouse has been in charge of the Art Department; her talents and enthusiasm have contributed greatly to the success of the scenery for several plays as well as decorations for numerous festive occasions. She will be missed by all. We hope that her artistic talents will be inherited by the next generation. Mrs. Tousaw was matron at the Junior Cottage some years ago and returned to King's Hall to assist in the supervision of Gillard House. She is leaving in June so that when her next grandchild arrives she will be available. Our best wishes go with her.

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## Autographs

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